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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[BY T. B. MACAULAY.]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had long been settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the school-master, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas, in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas, Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day, those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet, are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels cannot be dragged.

While Oliver was still a child, his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quarter-master on half pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and

fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through his life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged, that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier, Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life, at this time, seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The smallpox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance, was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him,

ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court; they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woalsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels of the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colors, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to

emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, set him out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming-house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university, the third university at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed, that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Goldsmith passed on the continent.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted,

obtained from the University of Padua, a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request; there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed, was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley-slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous wood-cuts, appeared in the window of the once famed shop at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; *An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe*, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a *Life of Beau Nash*, which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable *History of England*, in a series of

letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing *Sketches of London Society*, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He was indeed emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately; his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen, than some grotesque incidents and characters which had happened to strike his fancy. But though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About every thing that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merry-andrews, in whose squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763, he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck

Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear, that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, dispatched a message to Johnson; and Johnson always friendly though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60 and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid and the sheriff's officer withdrawn. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

But before the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in print, came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem entitled *The Traveller*. It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skillful critics was, that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the *Dunciad*. In one respect the *Traveller* differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In the *Traveller*, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where the three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the variety of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust,

that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.

While the fourth edition of the *Traveller* was on the counters of the booksellers, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses, and Mr. Burchell with his "Fudge," have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker, and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the *Good-natured Man*, a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Convent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, no less than £500, five times as much as he had made by the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together. The plot of the *Good-natured Man* is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled *False Delicacy*, had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode.



During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to any thing more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in the *Good-natured Man*, that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the baliff and the baliff's follower in full court dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been committed after the first night.

In 1770 appeared the *Deserted Village*. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to the *Traveller*; and it is generally preferred to the *Traveller* by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false: but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language, indeed, the finest didactic poem in any language, was written in defence of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defence of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely colored, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sunburned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture the *Deserted Village* bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an

Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity; as his *Auburn*. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectionment he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773, Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The *Good-natured Man* had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the *Good-natured Man* was sober when compared with the rich drollery of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "turn him out" or "throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the *Deserted Village* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, he was employed on works of a very different kind, works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a *History of Rome*, by which he made £300, a *History of England*, by which he made £600, a *History of Greece*, for which he received £250, a *Natural History* for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him eight hundred guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he knew nothing with accuracy.

Thus in his *History of England* he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the *History of Greece* an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his *Animated Nature* he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," said Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoölogy." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary bookmakers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserved to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an epitome; but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children, not as a task but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and

Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the *Traveller*. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal, and delicious to the taste, if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time; and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked, he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft even to weakness; he was

so generous that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them, and was so liberal to beggars, that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him, envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent than his neighbors. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but two common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of the world, does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. "Do not, pray, do not talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell; "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. But what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villany. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done any thing considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of the *Traveller*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400 a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple, with £400 a year, might then be called opulent.

Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honor of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practice," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule; and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep. He could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the third of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke

and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news, that he flung aside his brush and palate for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen; and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil, the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers

honored him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekins was the sculptor; and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson; no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces, ended with Lyttelton, who died in 1773. The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years his life has been written by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must, in justice, be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

ELIHU YALE, the founder of Yale College at New Haven, Conn., was buried at the Church in Wrexham, Wales. His monument, a plain altar tomb, bears this inscription:

"Born in America in Europe bred,  
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed:  
Where long he lived, and thrived, in London dead.  
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,  
And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven.  
You that survive and read this tale, take care,  
For this most certain exit to prepare.  
Where blest in peace and actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust."

The strongest fact is yet to tell. It is recorded that Mr. Yale went out to the East Indies from this country as an adventurer, and, becoming wealthy, obtained the Presidency of Madras, and is said to have ruled with a most oppressive authority. He caused his groom to be hanged for riding out a favorite horse without leave. For this murder he was ordered to England, where he was tried for the crime, but by some means escaped all punishment, except a heavy fine. He died in 1724.

His descendants now reside in this city.—*New Haven Journal*.

GLASS AND ITS PHENOMENA.—The elasticity of glass exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fall to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled, possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shattered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, &c., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from three inches height has made them fly.



From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple.* Now first published from the original MSS. With an Introduction and Notes. London: 1857.
2. *Boswelliana.* Printed for the Philobiblon Society, and comprised in the Second Volume of their Miscellanies. 1855-6.
3. *The Encyclopædia Britannica.* Eighth Edition. (Article *Johnson, Samuel.*) Edinburgh: 1856.

How capricious, as well as uncertain, is Fame—not the Fame commonly called Rumor, which was so mischievously busy with Dido's reputation, but that which is more favorably known under the popular *alias* of Celebrity! Like the wind, a chartered libertine, it bloweth where it listeth. Like the mountain stream, it may foam and sparkle near its source, overflow its banks a little farther on, meander tranquilly and smoothly through the level country, and end by being dried up or by being collected in a clear placid lake. Like the river into which Dr. Johnson flung corks at Ashbourne, it sometimes sinks into the earth and is lost to sight at one place, to rise fresh and bubbling at another. A genuine coquette, it is frequently repelled by courtship, and attracted by indifference,—confounding calculation, baffling foresight, and by turns disappointing and transcending hope. It may be unexpectedly won by the indolent, almost unconscious, development of a familiar gift or faculty, whilst the strong will is vainly struggling for it by desperate efforts and extraordinary means. Many a famous name has been indebted for its brightest lustre to things which were flung off as a pastime or composed as an irksome duty, whilst the performances on which the author most relied or prided himself, have fallen still-born or been neglected by posterity. Thus Petrarch, who trusted to his Latin poems for immortality, mainly owes it to the Sonnets which he regarded as ephemeral displays of the feeling or fancy of the hour. Thus Chesterfield, the orator, the statesman, the Mæcenas and Petronius of his age, and (above all) the first viceroy who ventured on "justice to Ireland," is floated down to our times by his familiar letters to his son. Thus, Johnson, the Colossus of Literature, were he to look up or down (to adopt the

more polite hypothesis), would hardly believe his eyes or ears, on finding that Bozzy, the snubbed and suppressed yet ever elastic and rebounding Bozzy, is the prop, the bulwark, the keystone, of his fame; "the salt which keeps it sweet, the vitality which preserves it from putrefaction."

We may be grateful to the lexicographer, as we are grateful to Ainsworth or Lemprière; we may think of the critic as we think of Kames or Blair; nay, such is modern fatuity or insensibility, we might only remember "London," or "The Vanity of Human Wishes," as we remember "The Heroic Epistle" or "The Triumphs of Temple;" but the Johnsonian Talk, as recorded by confessedly the most instructive and entertaining of biographers, is still familiar in men's minds as household words, and will carry to generations yet unborn the truest and deepest impression of the wisdom, wit, and learning of the speaker—of his goodness and rudeness, his piety and superstition, his weakness and his strength.

Dr. Johnson, writes Boswell, with reference to his proposed publication on their Scotch Tour, "does not seem very desirous that I should publish my supplement. Between ourselves, he is not apt to encourage me to share reputation with himself." If so, never were wishes more signally disappointed. Their names are now inseparably associated; and, if Boswell shines by a borrowed or reflected light, it is undeniable that the sun of his idolatry has been made continuously brighter through his instrumentality. Yet in proportion as the value of his labors has risen in universal recognition, has it become more and more the fashion to depreciate him. He is commonly mentioned as the ass laden with gold, although the slightest consideration might suggest that he must have selected the gold from amongst a confused heap of baser metal. In his case, the ordinary principles of human action are reversed. The editor, instead of constantly lauding the author whom he has volunteered to annotate, carpe, sneers, and cavils. The biographer never lets slip an opportunity of asserting or insinuating that the life he is employed in detailing is that of a poor, vain, weak, and silly sensualist. Mr. Croker, perhaps, could not have adopted a more elevated or liberal tone had he attempted it; but why is the

writer of the Introduction to the Letters hurried into a similar departure from time-honored rules? As matters stand, poor Boswell is the very Pariah of literature. The most brilliant and impressive of modern historians has put forth all his strength to stigmatize him; and the only authoritative protest against the justice of the sentence, Mr. Carlyle's, is qualified by expressions of contempt which render the apology little less damaging than the accusation.

When the Letters to Temple first saw the light, they were eagerly hailed and emulously quoted as irrefragable proofs of all that had been said or imagined against the luckless egotist. Will they, or should they, be so regarded on calmer consideration and inquiry? They undoubtedly furnish fresh and abundant proofs of the absurdity, the conceit, the profligacy, and the total absence of self-respect, which have made his name a name of reproach; but do they not also contain evidence of some nobler motives, and some higher faculties than Boswell has been allowed by his critics to possess? This is the problem which we invite our readers to discuss; and we may begin by dismissing all doubts of the authenticity of the documentary evidence before us. The story told in the Preface is certainly odd; indeed so odd, that one can hardly suppose it an invented one:

"A few years ago a clergyman having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection, a date and some names were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence, carried on nearly a century before, between the Biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his early friend, the Rev. William Johnson Temple. On making inquiry, it was ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker, who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year, for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper. Beyond this no further information could be obtained. The whole contents of the parcel were immediately secured. The majority of the Letters bear the London and Devon post-marks, and are franked by well-known names of that period. Besides those written by Boswell which are here published, were found several from Mr. Nicholls, Mr.

Claxton, and other persons alluded to in the following pages, as well as a few unfinished Sermons and Essays by Mr. Temple.

"At the death of the purchaser of these Letters they passed into the hands of a nephew, from whom the Editor obtained them; and in the present form they are now submitted to the Public." (*Letters*, pp. v. vi.)

Mr. Hornby, who first undertook the editorship, has since (Jan. 6, 1857), written to the "Times," to state that "clergyman" is a misprint for "gentleman;" that Madame Noel's customer was Major Stone, and the nephew, Mr. Augustus Boyse. On Temple's death, his papers came into the possession of his son-in-law, Mr. Powlett, who was residing in France. The most telling objection to Macpherson's good faith was his refusal to place the alleged originals of "Ossian" in some public repository for inspection. Mr. Hornby prevents all doubts on this score, by announcing that the original letters may be seen at the publisher's. We have carefully inspected and collated them, and consider the chain of positive and external proof (so far as concerns handwriting, paper, post-marks, &c.), to be complete. But the internal evidence is enough to satisfy the most sceptical critic, provided he has been in the habit of reading the famous "Life of Johnson" as a labor of love, and is thoroughly imbued with the modes of thinking and expression embalmed in it. No Chatterton or Ireland could have caught or imitated with such fidelity the distinctive traits of character and style; nor have invested a forgery so completely with the all-pervading tone, hue, and flavor of an original.

The Letters are well edited on the whole, although marks of haste (in consequence of the sudden change of editorship) are occasionally discernible. Thus, "Duke of Bolton" is printed "Duke of Breton" (p. 329): "downright Shippen" "downright Skipper" (p. 182): and "The Cub" (the title of Boswell's first production) is frequently printed *The Club*. To the list of Boswell's works (*Introd.* pp. xli. - xlii.) should be added his Second Letter to the People of Scotland. Temple's Essays, supposed (pp. 239 n. 251 n.) to be lost or missing, have been discovered in the University Library at Cambridge; and his Essay on Dr. Johnson (the "unknown publica-

tion" mentioned p. 405 n.) is in the British Museum. We see no reason for stating in the introductory remarks prefixed to each section of the correspondence, what is contained in the letters; and perhaps some of those remarks might be advantageously compressed in a corrected edition, which, we take for granted, will speedily appear.

"Boswelliana" is a contribution to the privately printed Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society, from one of its most accomplished members, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, who boldly dissents from the prevalent creed touching Boswell. By way of prefatory explanation, he writes:

"The volume from which the following pages have been transcribed is, probably, one of many note-books left by the biographer of Johnson. It contains several sheets, filled with anecdotes and observations of the most various character, written without order, and generally without dates. At the end are inserted many scraps of paper and backs of letters, on which Boswell has jotted down memoranda of stories and reflections.

"These fragments seem to me to exhibit that analogy of character which especially fitted Boswell to be the friendly devotee and intellectual servitor of Dr. Johnson; nor can these resemblances of style and manner be regarded as mere parodies of his master, but rather as illustrating a mental harmony which enabled him to reproduce, with singular fidelity, his own ideal of all that was good and great."

Mr. Milnes has placed this note-book in our hands, and the similarity of the handwriting, with various minor coincidences of date and incident, leave no doubt of its authenticity, besides confirming that of the Letters.

Many a man who has played a less important and less interesting part than Boswell, has been made the subject of a retrospective review; and we are disposed to think, that the best mode of turning to account the new materials afforded by the Letters and the "Boswelliana," will be to connect them with a sketch or outline of his career, availing ourselves, as we proceed, of the lights thrown upon it by the publications with which he favored the world in his lifetime. Although most of these have long ago sunk into oblivion, they contain passages which may be appropriately introduced to support or demolish his claim to judgment and sagacity. We shall hardly be blamed for wast-

ing time or space upon him, when it is remembered how large a portion of the literary history of the eighteenth century rests upon his authority or is colored by his pencil.

James Boswell was born in 1740. No one who ever heard of him, can have helped hearing that he was the son of a Scotch judge, Lord Auchinleck; and that both father and son were ostentatiously proud of their ancient blood. He was educated at Edinburgh under his father's eye; and never was there a more signal example of the difficulty of altering the inborn or ingrained tendencies of character. Whilst old Auchinleck was impressing the superiority of law-learning to every other sort of learning, and holding up a seat on the Scotch bench, combined with an hereditary lairdship, as the proudest object of human ambition, Jamie's thoughts were wandering to the English metropolis, and oddly divided between the anticipated pleasure of figuring at drawing-rooms in a gay uniform, and the yet more ardent hope of appearing before the republic of letters in print.

His first letter to Temple is dated Edinburgh, 29th July, 1758. What led to their intimacy is not stated. Temple, who eventually took orders, and became rector of Mamhead, in Devonshire, was a Cantab, and had little in common with his friend, beyond a predilection for authorship. The early letters, although ending "your affectionate friend," began "Dear Sir," or "My dear Sir," and do not (at least those that have been preserved) warm into "My dear Temple," until 1761. Johnson told Boswell that he (the Doctor) had acquired the best part of his vast stock of learning at eighteen, and had added little to it at any subsequent period. Boswell might have replied, that he, on his side, had formed his peculiar tastes and habits at the same period of life; for in July, 1758, we find him seeking an introduction to David Hume, and simultaneously avowing a passion for a young lady, whose name the Editor of the Letters, with all his diligence and sagacity, has been unable to unearth. In a letter, dated December, 1748, Boswell gives an account of his studies: "From nine to ten I attend the law class; from ten to eleven study at home; and from one to two attend a college lecture upon Roman antiquities; the afternoon and

evening I likewise spend in study: I never walk except on Sundays." Even at this early period, he had begun to cultivate the practice by which he was destined to become famous. "During the vacancy in harvest," he continues, "I went along with my father to the Northern Circuit, and was so happy as to be in the same chaise as Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), the whole way. I kept an exact journal at the particular desire of my friend, Mr. Love, and sent it to him in sheets every post." This Mr. Love was a player in Edinburgh, and his friend's master in English pronunciation. Boswell also called in the aid of "old Mr. Sheridan," to correct his Scotticisms, and succeeded so far as to extract (in 1772), from Dr. Johnson, the dubious compliment, "Sir, your pronunciation is not offensive." With this concession, he says, he was pretty well satisfied; and he recommends his countrymen to be content with attaining the same amount of proficiency as the Earl of Marchmont, who, being taken by a shopkeeper for an American, and asking why, received for answer, "Because, Sir, you speak neither English nor Scotch, but something different from both, which I conclude is the language of America."

There is an unlucky gap of nearly two years and a half towards the beginning of the Temple correspondence. The third letter is dated May 1st, 1761, and shows a decided change for the worse in our hero, who confesses his backslidings with his wonted frankness.

"I grant you that my behavior has not been entirely as it ought to be. A young fellow whose happiness was always centered in London, who had at last got there, and had begun to taste its delights, who had got his mind filled with the most gay ideas,—getting into the Guards, being about Court, enjoying the happiness of the *beau monde* and the company of men of genius, in short every thing that he could wish,—consider this poor fellow hauled away to the town of Edinburgh, obliged to conform to every Scotch custom or be laughed at,—'Will you have some jeel? O fie! O fie!'"

The notion of getting into the Guards was rejected by his father, who was fortunately enabled, for once, to enlist filial vanity on the side of paternal authority. It is stated in "Boswelliana," that "Boswell was presented to the Duke of Argyle, at Whitton,

in the year 1760. The Duke talked some time with him, and was pleased, and seemed surprised that Boswell wanted to have a commission in the Guards. His Grace took Boswell's father aside, and said: 'My Lord, I like your son; that boy must not be shot at for three and sixpence a day.'" Jamie had no inclination to be shot at for any amount of pay. The very best that could have been expected of him was, that he should behave like Basil Lee (the original of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin), who said he should have run away at Bunker's Hill, had he not been afraid of being shot by his own men. Boswell owns, in a printed address to his countrymen, that he "is not blest with high heroic blood, but rather, I think, troubled with a natural timidity of personal danger, which it costs me some philosophy to overcome."

There is an interval of more than two years between the letter to Temple last quoted and the next in the collection. But, by way of compensation, we have the correspondence between Boswell and the Honorable Andrew Erskine (a gay bird of the same feather), which they were vain and absurd enough to publish in 1763. It is curious as showing what sort of publication was tolerated by a preceding generation; for it would appear that these youthful aspirants to the honors of Madame de Sévigné, whom they modestly proposed to themselves as their model, had no reason to be dissatisfied with their reception by the reviewers.

Amongst the "Boswelliana" we find: "A dull fool is nothing: the great thing is to have your fool well furnished with animal spirits and conceit, and he will display to you a rich fund of risibility. This maxim is exactly applicable to the epistolary correspondence in question; except that its combination of dulness with forced or ill-timed merriment produces rather an impression of sadness than risibility. The memory of the colloquial wit and humor of this congenial pair rests on two or three conceits preserved in the same repository: 'Erskine and Boswell were one day sauntering in Leicester Fields, and talking of the famous scheme of squaring the circle; 'Come, come,' says Boswell, 'let us circle the square, and that will be as good.' So these two poets took a walk round the square, laughing heartily at the conceit.'" They assumed the rank of



poets on the strength of poems, or compositions in verse, entitled "The Cub at Newmarket" by Boswell, and "The Town Eclogues" by Erskine. The Cub is Boswell himself, who is sung as having been caught, domesticated, and introduced, by Lord Eglington. Yet the author could not have heard till long afterwards Johnson's remark that much might be made of a Scotchman, if caught young.

Captain Erskine (we are quoting from the "Boswelliana") "complained that Boswell's hand was so large that his letters contained very little;"—a complaint which, as regards the letters to the Captain, is not likely to be repeated by posterity "My lines," replied Boswell, "are like my ideas, very irregular; and at a great distance from each other." In another of his self-accusatory reflections, after complaining that he had too good a memory in trifles which prevented his remembering things of consequence, he says happily enough,—"My head is like a tavern, in which a club of low punch-drinkers have taken up the room that might have been filled with lords that drink Burgundy; but it is not in the landlord's power to dispossess them." The landlord, however, had two excellent opportunities, and partially effected the desired clearance in 1763; the year in which Boswell made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson; and shaking off the habits of dissipation which formed to him the principal charm of metropolitan life at this period, departed for Utrecht with a firm resolution to pursue a course of study in keeping with the place. Their acquaintance commenced on the 16th May, under circumstances familiar to readers of the Life; and so rapidly did it ripen into cordial intimacy, that when Boswell started on his travels, Johnson insisted on seeing him set sail, and actually accompanied him in the stagecoach to Harwich. One of their fellow passengers, a fat elderly gentlewoman, having stated that she had never suffered her children to be a moment idle, the following colloquy ensued:—Johnson: "I wish, Madam, you would educate me, too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life." On her rejoining that she was sure he had not been idle, he resumed: "Nay, Madam, it is very true; and that gentleman there," pointing to Boswell, "has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh; his father sent him to Glasgow,

where he continued to be idle. He then went to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever."

Many a true word spoken in jest. Boswell remained as idle as ever, although he managed to pick up at intervals a respectable stock of miscellaneous knowledge; and his distinguished friend is in no slight degree answerable for his want of regular application. In a letter written after their first supper at the "Mitre," he says, "Mr. Johnson was in vast good humor, and we had much conversation. I mentioned Fresnoy to him, but he advised me not to follow a plan, and he declared that he himself never followed one above two days. He advised me to read just as inclination prompted me, which alone, he said would do me any good; for I had better go into a company than read a set task." This advice is backed with a quotation from Shakspeare:

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.

In brief, Sir, study what you most affect."

Yet it is bad advice, if understood as referring to the reading which is necessary for the completion of sound education, as well as to that which we pursue for amusement. For all purposes of study set tasks are indispensable; and Johnson leaves out of the account altogether the power of fixing the attention on uncongenial subjects, which is only to be acquired by habit. His doctrine, fatal to inferior minds, was obviously injurious to his own; for he had contracted an inveterate dislike to sustained intellectual exertion, wondered how any one could write except for money, and never (or very rarely) wrote from any more elevated impulse than the stern pressure of want. By treading, *haud passibus æquis*, in his footsteps, Boswell fell into a desultory way of acquiring information without much mental schooling or training, and proved ultimately unable to adhere long to any profession, pursuit, or plan. "Resolve, and keep your resolution; choose, and pursue your choice," exclaims the same preceptor in the excellent letter which he wrote to his young admirer at Utrecht; but the evil genius proved the more powerful, and the decree had gone forth, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

We strongly suspect, however, that no amount of steady application would have secured for Boswell, with his order of abili-

ties, the notoriety for which he panted and on which he stumbled in his wanderings. Restlessness and the love of excitement took him to Corsica, whilst Paoli's star was in the ascendant; and he has contrived to associate his name as closely and as imperishably with that of the Republican chief as with that of the Tory Lexicographer. Although he returned to England in 1766, his book, the fruit of his expedition, entitled "An Account of Corsica, the Journal of a Tour to that Island, and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli," did not appear till 1768. On Feb. 1, 1767, he writes: "The session will be up this day sennight, I shall then set myself down to my account of Corsica, and finish it in the vacation. I have got more materials for it. I had some time ago a letter of three pages from my Lord Chatham." This letter of three pages from "the great commoner" might have been invited or provoked by one which Boswell addressed to him in the preceding June, concluding with a modest request that his lordship would be his occasional correspondent.

"As for myself, to please a worthy and respected father, one of our Scots judges, I studied law, and am now fairly entered to the bar. I begin to like it; I can labor hard; I feel myself coming forward, and I hope to be useful to my country. *Could your Lordship honor me now and then with a letter?* I have been told how favorably your Lordship has spoken of me. To correspond with a Paoli and with a Chatham is enough to keep a young man ever ardent in the pursuit of virtuous fame."

We shall presently see that the pursuit of virtuous fame was by no means the uppermost object in his thoughts at this epoch. Even the composition and revisal of his book were insufficient to fix his attention or steady his mind, and his anxiety for its completion only breaks forth at intervals. Hume, the historian, is described as thinking so well of the work as to have transacted the publication of it with Andrew Miller. This was in February, 1767. In a letter of the following July, we read: "Mr. Dilly, bookseller in the Poultry, has purchased my Account of Corsica. I receive one hundred guineas three months after publication. I shall be close employed all this autumn in revising and correcting the proof-sheets." His expectations were fulfilled, and on Sept. 9, he writes: "The proof-sheets amuse me

finely at breakfast. I cannot help hoping for some applause. You will be kind enough to communicate to me all that you hear, and to conceal from me all censure." On second thoughts he goes on to qualify this somewhat contradictory request. "I would not, however, dislike to hear impartial corrections; perhaps Mr. Gray may say something to you of it. The last part of my work, entitled the 'Journal of a Tour to Corsica,' is in my opinion the most valuable." This is a remarkable instance of self-appreciation and sagacity, exerted under circumstances which have often misled or blunted the judgment of minds of the highest order. Boswell cannot but have felt that only a secondary description of renown was to be acquired by journalizing, and that his literary rank, so far as concerned this book, must depend principally on the historical portion. Yet he instinctively anticipates and approves the decision of the public and of posterity, which disappointed the brightest and the most natural of his aspirations.

Johnson, Gray, and Walpole concur in praising the Journal. "All that relates to Paoli," writes Gray, "pleased and moved me strangely. The title of this part of his (Boswell's) work is a Dialogue between a Green Goose and a Hero." Yet the green goose played his part effectively. Indeed, there is no denying that Boswell possessed in an extraordinary degree the art of inducing men of eminence to talk freely with him, and even to treat him with confidence and consideration.

Whilst the book was in progress, Johnson encouraged Boswell to go on with it, saying: "You cannot go to the bottom of the subject, but all that you can tell us will be new to us. Give us as many anecdotes as you can." Long before its completion, however, the sage grew tired of the subject. On one occasion he wrote: "I wish you would empty your head of Corsica which I think, has filled it rather too long." This was rather too much for Bozzy's docility. "Empty my head of Corsica! empty it of honor; empty it of humanity; empty it of friendship: empty it of piety. No, whilst I live, Corsica, and the cause of the brave islanders, shall ever employ much of my attention, shall ever interest me in the sincerest manner." Men of the world, with all who have no object beyond the play of mind and

the interchange of thought in intellectual intercourse, are little tolerant of those who are absorbed in any given pursuit, scheme, or subject, however philanthropical or praiseworthy their devotion to it. Tradition concurs with probability in assuring us that Howard and Clarkson were voted bores by the liveliest and cleverest of their contemporaries. We should, therefore, be inclined to back Boswell in his determination to stand by his brave islanders, had his zeal been restrained within rational limits, and been displayed in a manner to attract sympathy to their cause. Unluckily, it hurried him into vagaries, which could serve no purpose, beyond raising a laugh at his expense. It has been handed down as a well-known fact, that he appeared at the Shakspeare Jubilee, at Stratford-upon-Avon, with "Corsica Boswell" inscribed upon his hat. This, Mr. Croker suggests, was probably his undress badge; for, "The London Magazine" for September, 1769, contains a detailed account, supplied by himself, of his appearance at the Jubilee in the dress of a Corsican chief, with *Viva la Libertà* in gold letters on his cap.

Paoli, driven out of Corsica by the French, arrived in London towards the end of the year, and Boswell discovered it to be "a duty as well as a pleasure to attend much upon him." In fact, the distinguished exile lay under a solid obligation to Boswell, for Paoli's English honors and pension of £2000 a-year were (as Temple states), mainly owing to the graphic record of his sayings and doings in "Boswell's Journal," and he was not ungrateful to his historiographer, who, on his part, accepted the proffered return without scruple or false modesty.

The three years immediately succeeding his return were busy years for Boswell. Besides paying assiduous court to Johnson and Paoli, he threw himself heart and soul into the Douglas cause, as a volunteer and unpaid advocate on what proved eventually the winning side; whilst he simultaneously made love, right and left, regularly and irregularly, with an audacious inconstancy, worthy of the Frenchman who justified a propensity to change by the plea: "*Mon Dieu, je change d'objet, mais la passion reste.*" We find him avowing, at eighteen, a "passion" for Miss W——t. In Hol-

land, he fell in love with the pretty and clever Dutchwoman, to whom he alludes in a letter of Feb., 1767:

"Temple, will you allow me to marry a good Scots lass? ha! ha! ha! What shall I tell you? Zelide has been in London this winter. I never hear from her,—she is a strange creature. Sir John Pringle attended her as a physician. He wrote to my father: 'She has too much vivacity; she talks of your son without either resentment or attachment.' Her brothers and I correspond; but I am well rid of her. You say well, that I find mistresses wherever I am; but I am a sad dupe,—a perfect Don Quixote."

The Scots lass is no abstraction. He has one of flesh and blood, of acres and good connections, in his eye. There was a young lady,—he states in his next letter,—in the neighborhood of Auchinleck, who had an estate of her own, "just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious."

"You know my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck,—a venerable and noble principle. How would it do to conclude an alliance with the neighboring princess, and add her lands to our dominions?"

The princess not having manifested a corresponding ardor to meet the wishes of the prince, Temple is adjured to hasten to the assistance of his friend and undertake a mission to the obdurate beauty, in the hope of softening her heart, or removing her objections to the alliance. Written instructions for his guidance throughout this delicate affair were forwarded to him, and the leading articles were to this effect:

"Wednesday.—Breakfast at eight; set out at nine; Thomas will bring you to Adamtown a little after eleven. Send up your name; if possible, put up your horses there, they can have cut grass; if not, Thomas will take them to Mountain, a place a mile off, and come back and wait at dinner. Give Miss Blair my letter. Salute her and her mother; ask to walk. See the place fully; think what improvements should be made. Talk of my mare, the purse, the chocolate. Tell, you are my very old and intimate friend. Praise me for my good qualities,—you know them; but talk also how odd, how inconstant, how impetuous, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask gravely, Pray don't you imagine there is something of madness in that family? Talk of my various travels,—German

princes,—Voltaire and Rousseau. Talk of my father: my strong desire to have my own house. Observe her well. See, how amiable! Judge if she would be happy with your friend. Think of me as the great man at Adamtown—quite classical too! Study the mother. Remember well what passes. Stay tea. At six, order horses and go to New Mills, two miles from Loudoun; but if they press you to stay all night, do it. Be a man of as much ease as possible. Consider what a romantic expedition you are on; take notes; perhaps you now fix me for life.

"*Thursday*.—Return to Glasgow from New Mills or from Adamtown. See High Church, New Church College, and particularly the paintings, and put half-a-crown into the box at the door. My friend, Mr. Robert Fowles, will show you all.

"*Friday*.—Come back in the fly. Bring your portmanteau here. We shall settle where you are to lodge.

"N.B.—You are to keep an exact account of your charges."

A document of this kind defies comment. In its ludicrous minuteness it stamps character, as a photographic drawing brings out a face with its harsh lines and wrinkles, or a building with its cracks and weather stains. Temple's intercession, and happily the temptation of becoming Lady of Auchinleck, gained Boswell more than one good opportunity of pressing his suit. In a letter, dated from Adamtown, Miss Blair's residence, he says: "At last I'm here, and our meeting has been such as you paint in your last but one. I have been here but one night; she insisted on my staying another; I am dressed in green and gold; I have my chaise in which I sit alone, like Mr. Gray, and Thomas rides by me in a claret-colored suit with a silver-laced hat." She refuses a lock of her hair, but is escorted by him to the Edinburgh Theatre, to see *Othello*. "I sat close behind the princess, and at the most affecting scenes, I pressed my hand upon her waist; she was in tears, and rather leaned to me." The same letter contains a report of the dialogue which gave the *coup de grace* to his hopes.

"*Princess*.—I really have no particular liking for you: I like many people as well as you.

"*Boswell*.—Do you indeed? Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

"*Princess*.—I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.

"*B*.—Very well; but do you like no man better than me?

"*P*.—No.

"*B*.—Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?

"*P*.—I don't know what is possible.

"*B*.—You are very fond of Auchinleck, that is one good circumstance.

"*P*.—I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.

We recommend the example of this Scots lass to the serious consideration of the unmarried portion of the fair sex. The candid avowal of a liking for the estate rather than for the owner would prevent frequent disappointment, and might avert an infinity of harm. Most princes would have given over the pursuit of the most attractive of princesses after such a reception, but Boswell is not yet satisfied, and goes on courting rebuff after rebuff. At length, about two months after this dialogue, he announces the formal abandonment of his pretensions, remarking: "What amazed me was, that she and I were as easy and good friends as ever." The lady might have cleared up the mystery for him pretty nearly as Madame du Deffand solved the problem why she and her president had never once quarrelled during a fifty year's intimacy: "Is it not that we have been completely indifferent to one another the whole time?" Boswell adds, "I told her I have great animal spirits and bear it wonderfully well. But this is really hard: I am thrown upon the wide world again; I don't know what will become of me." Three days afterwards (Feb. 11), an entire change has come over the spirit of his dream. "The heiress is a good Scots lass, but I must have an Englishwoman. My mind is now twice as enlarged as it has been for some months. You cannot say how fine a woman I may marry, perhaps a Howard or some other of the noblest in the kingdom." In his vocabulary *fine* is a collective term, meaning every thing desirable in a woman or a wife. By the 24th March, his fancy is on the wing for Holland. "Do you know, my charming Dutchwoman and I have renewed our correspondence? and upon my soul, Temple, I must have her." Both friend and father declare that he must not, and he acquiesces with a protest. "I cannot help thinking both my father and friend too severe. Zelide may have had faults, but is she always to have them? May not time have altered her



for the better as it has altered me?" After recapitulating in a suppressed passage circumstances proving that he is in no respect altered for the better, he offers a compromise: "P. S. I know you are determined to have me married. What would you think of the fine, healthy, young, amiable Miss Dick, with whom you dined so agreeably? Would not the worthy knight call out a homily? She wants only a good fortune."

Lest the Emerald Isle should be jealous, we must not forget to state that one of her daughters was first favorite for a time.

"I am exceedingly lucky in having escaped the insensible Miss B. and the furious Zelide, for I have now seen the finest creature that ever was formed, *la belle Irlandaise*. Figure to yourself, Temple, a young lady just sixteen, formed like a Grecian nymph, with the sweetest countenance, full of sensibility, accomplished, with a Dublin education, always half the year in the north of Ireland, her father a counsellor-at-law, with an estate of £1000 a year, and above £10,000 in ready money."

Interspersed and concurrent with these matrimonial schemes are connections and adventures of a very different description. His revelations to his reverend friend, and his vows of amendment so long as he is suffering from the consequences of his irregularities, are in the tone and style of a Spanish or Italian woman of gallantry, who periodically confesses the same weakness, and obtains absolution by the same vow of repentance and amendment. The editor of the Letters has exercised some discretion in suppressing a portion of these disclosures, but more than enough remains to give a strange picture of the amusements of Boswell, and of the manners of the last century.

After long wavering between England, Scotland, Ireland, and Holland, Boswell at length made up his mind to fling the handkerchief to a countrywoman. In the autumn of 1769, he married Miss Margaret Montgomerie, of the noble house of Eglinton, a lady whose chief, if not sole, fault in the eyes of her husband was that she could never abide Johnson, although she did her best to be civil to him as a guest. He was well aware of her antipathy, and frequently alludes to it. His opinion of her, therefore, as expressed in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, must be taken with some grains of allowance, for even philosophers are not proof against

prejudice when their personal merits are impugned. He describes her as having "the mien and manners of a gentlewoman, and such a person and mind as would not in any place either be admired or condemned. She is in a proper degree inferior to her husband; she cannot rival him, nor can he ever be ashamed of her." Such was Boswell's respect for her sagacity, or his fondness for note-taking, that he kept a record of her sayings, entitled "*Uxoriana*," which may be read in "*Boswelliana*," but are hardly worth extracting. The same valuable repository contains an anecdote which may enable us to judge to what extent his vagrant affections had been fixed by matrimony:

"The Honorable Mrs. Stuart, in a pretty, expressive manner, told me, that she had fairly asked a respectable friend, if he had ever been unfaithful to his wife, and that he answered, 'No! madam, never; I must not allow myself to run any risk of liking another woman better than my wife.' This she told me as an instance of exemplary fidelity, not without a sly reference to the licenses of her husband, the Colonel, and myself. I turned it off, I think, with a pretty ingenious readiness. Said I, 'He has not been so certain of loving his wife as some others of us; we are so conscious of inviolable affection and regard, that we are not afraid of little risks.'"

This Mrs. Stuart, with her pretty, expressive manner, was one of the "little risks" to which he exposed himself as fearlessly and (according to his own account) with as little injury to his morals, as a hermit or a saint.

"I passed a delightful day yesterday. After breakfasting with Paoli, and worshipping at St. Paul's, I dined *à la tête* with my charming Mrs. Stuart, of whom you have read in my journal; she refused to be of a party at Richmond, that she and I might enjoy a farewell interview. We dined in all the elegance of two courses and a dessert, with dumb-waiters, except when the second course and the dessert were served. We talked with unreserved freedom, as we had nothing to fear; we were *philosophical*, upon honor,—not deep, but feeling; we were pious; we drank tea, and bid each other adieu as finely as romance paints. She is my wife's dearest friend; so you see how beautiful our intimacy is."

About a year afterwards (May, 1776), he says:

"My intimacy with Mrs. Stuart is friend-

ship, sister indeed to Love, but such as I can never look foolish when her husband comes in, who perfectly understands us, and is happy that she is agreeably entertained when he is at his clubs."

An anecdote from "Boswelliana" will, at all events, acquit Boswell of all underground proceedings in this affair, unless he should be suspected of a refinement of treachery worthy of Lovelace:

"Lord Mountstuart said it was observed, I was like Charles Fox. 'I have been told so,' said I. 'You're much uglier,' said Colonel James Stuart, with his sly drollery. I turned to him full as sly, and as droll, 'Does your wife think so, Colonel James?' Young Burke said, 'Here there was less meant than meets the ear!'"

His wife died in 1789, and her death removed a useful check on his irregularities, besides embittering his despondency with remorse. Yet he was incapable of behaving with deliberate unkindness to any one, and he uniformly speaks of her with pride and affection, although the difference in their dispositions is constantly present to his mind. "How different," he writes from London shortly before her death, "are she and I. I was the *great man* (as we used to say), at the late drawing-room, in a suit of imperial blue, lined with rose-colored silk, and ornamented with rich gold-wrought buttons. What a motley scene in life!"

One of his best sayings was elicited by a conjugal difference:

"When I was warm, talking of my own consequence and generosity, my wife made some cool, humbling remark upon me. I flew into a violent passion; I said, 'If you throw cold water upon a plate of iron much heated, it will crack to shivers.'"

The page in the "Marriage of Figaro" complains that his heart is thrown into a flutter by the mere sight of a petticoat:

"That garment of mystical sublimity,  
No matter whether satin, silk, or dimity."

Boswell continued to resemble Cherubino long after the age at which any plausible excuse could be suggested for the frailty. He writes from Grantham, March, 1775, six years after marriage:

"I am in charming health and spirits. There is a handsome maid at this inn, who interrupts me by coming sometimes into the room. I have no confession to make, my priest; so be not curious."

The very letter (dated Grantham, May, 1775), in which he describes his farewell dinner with Mrs. Stuart, begins with one instance of levity, and ends with another:

"Here I am again on my return from London, in almost as good spirits as when I wrote to you on my way to that metropolis; but the handsome chambermaid is gone from the inn, and I have the prospect of seeing my excellent wife very soon."

"There is a Miss Silverton in the fly with me, an amiable creature, who has been in France. I can unite little fondnesses with perfect conjugal love. Remember to put my letters in a book neatly; see which of us does it first."

On his way from Grantham northwards, he has another flattering adventure, on which he generalizes:

"I got into the fly at Buckden, and had a very good journey. An agreeable young widow nursed me, and supported my lame foot on her knee. Am I not fortunate in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favor?"

In his "Tour to the Hebrides," which was revised by Dr. Johnson, he thus records an indelible reminiscence of Inverary Castle:

"We were shown through the house; and I shall never forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies maids, tripping about in neat morning dresses. After seeing for a long time little but rusticity, their lively manner, and gay, inviting appearance, pleased me so much, that I thought for the moment I could have been a knight-errant for them."

The frankness of Boswell's avowals on this delicate subject will remind the reader of 'Pepys', who carefully notes down in his Diary, how he kissed a pretty actress in his wife's presence, without exciting her jealousy; and how his sleep was troubled by visions of the court beauties, after seeing them toy and flirt with the gallants at Whitehall. But "set a thief to catch a thief;" had Boswell been made of sterner or harder stuff, he would have flung a mantle over his illustrious friend, when yielding, or afraid or suspected of yielding, to a similar temptation. We might have lost Johnson's excuse for not renewing his visit to the green-room on Garrick's invitation; Wilkes' roguish remark on the Doctor's mode of regarding the fair Quaker at Dilly's; and the capital sketch of him at Sky, with "one

of our married ladies, a lively, pretty little woman, upon his knee,"—thus versified by Peter Pindar :

"Methinks the Caledonian dame I see,  
Familiar sitting on the Rambler's knee,  
Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling  
sage,  
Melting, with sweetest smiles, the frost of  
age;  
'Do it again, my dear,' I hear Sam cry;  
'See who first tires, my charmer, you or I.'"

In one of his more rational moods, Boswell looks forward to marriage as an infallible cure for unsettled habits, as well as for promiscuous gallantry. The prescription utterly failed in both respects. He neither, as we have seen, limited his amatory and sentimental attentions to his wife, nor did he contentedly settle down as a practising advocate in Edinburgh. His hopes and fears, his exertions and his interests, were constantly divided and distracted between four or five incompatible objects or pursuits. One while he expatiates exultingly on his former prospects: then he is to acquire fame and fortune by his pen, and directly afterwards we find him confidently relying on political advancement through a patron. In the same letter in which he talks of appearing before the General Assembly to answer Hume and Robertson, he exclaims: "If Lord Mountstuart would but get me an independency from the King, whilst my father lives, I should be a fine fellow." His estimate of his own merits is still more pointedly expressed in the "Boswelliana":

'Talking of myself to Abbate Cotti, a Corsican priest, and regretting that the King had not yet promoted me, I said, '*Monsieur, il ne me manque que la base. Je suis déjà la statue.*'"

At a later period, he had founded some expectations upon Pitt.

"The excellent Langton says it is disgraceful; it is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his administration a man of my popular and pleasant talents, whose merit he has acknowledged in a letter under his own hand. I lately wrote to him that such behavior to me was certainly not generous. I think it is not just, and (forgive the freedom), I doubt if it be wise. . . . About two months have elapsed, and he has made no sign. How can I still delude myself with dreams of rising in the great world?"

The delusion was kept up till it was rudely

dissipated by the nobleman, Lord Lonsdale, whom he had selected for his patron-in-chief, on apparently very slender grounds.

The Dean of St. Patrick says, in the "Journal to Stella," "I never knew a minister do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures." They rarely do much for those whom they respect so little as to allow practical jokes to be played upon them, or with whom they have no tie beyond boon companionship. During a visit to Lowther Castle, Boswell's wig was abstracted for the amusement of the company; and in June, 1790, he came to a downright quarrel with his lordship, who began, "I suppose you thought I was to bring you into Parliament? I never had any such intention." In the ensuing altercation Boswell says: "I used such expressions as irritated him almost to fury; so that he used such expressions towards me that I should have, according to the irrational laws of honor sanctioned by the world, been under the necessity of risking my life, had not an explanation taken place."

Thus roughly awakened from his day-dreams of preferment through patronage, he fell back despondingly upon law and literature. We read in the "Boswelliana": "I always wished to go to the English bar. When I found I could labor, I said it was a pity to dig in a lead mine when I could get to a gold one." When his father's death left him free to gratify this wish, the result did not answer his expectations, either as regards briefs or society. He got little or no business, and was unmercifully quizzed on the Northern Circuit, which he joined first. In February, 1789, he writes: "I hesitate as to going to the Spring Northern Circuit, which costs fifty pounds, and obliges me to be in rough unpleasant company four weeks." When Flood failed in the British Parliament, Curran remarked that an oak of the forest could not be transplanted at fifty. This is equally true (or truer) of an inferior quality of tree. Boswell was past middle life when he began to practise at the English bar; and the notoriety he had acquired in other pursuits, with the habits and modes of thinking he had contracted in them, proved insuperable obstacles to his success. English attorneys were not likely to seek out a Scotchman who had placarded himself as Corsican Boswell; whilst con-

firmed sobriety of demeanor and regularity of conduct could alone have put him at his ease, or have enabled him to live without discomfort amongst the younger members of the profession, the section to which, by his short standing and his briefless state, he was necessarily attached. But, even with a lad like Temple's brother, he could not keep up his dignity; and the worst circuit joke played upon him arose out of his inebriety. The story is told in Lord Eldon's anecdote book:

"At an assizes at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement, *inebriated*. We subscribed at supper, a guinea for him, and half-a-crown for his clerk; and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief, with instructions to move, for what we denominated, the writ of "*Quare adhasit pavimento*," with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys, for books that might enable him to distinguish himself, but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, 'I never heard of such a writ; what can it be that adheres *pavimento*? Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?' The Bar laughed. At last one of them said, 'My lord, Mr. Boswell, last night, *adhasit pavimento*. There was no moving him for some time. At last, he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.'"

We suspect that Lord Eldon set down this anecdote from hearsay, and added or colored some of the details, for it is difficult to suppose that the Bar would have suffered the joke to be carried such lengths, or have permitted such a ruinous self-exposure, had the victim been ever so willing.

One of the social problems submitted to Johnson was, whether a barrister might properly solicit employment. The Doctor responds that he sees no harm in it, although he would disdain to do so himself. Boswell, preferring the sage's theory to what might have been his practice, writes to his friend George Dempster in 1791: "When it (the *Life*) is fairly launched, I mean to stick close to Westminster Hall, and it will be truly kind if you recommend me appeals or causes of any sort."

The year following he left the Northern Circuit for the Home, which he found much more pleasant, although he did not get a single brief; and the editor endeavors to account for the fact by supposing some inherent difference as regards gravity, decorum, and sobriety, between the two august bodies thus forced into invidious contrast. He forgets that Boswell had undergone a severe training, and that the reception of his "*Life of Johnson*," published in the spring of 1791, besides raising his spirits and adding to his self-complacency, had given him a more legitimate title to the consideration which he claimed.

The manner in which his mind alternated between hope and fear, exultation and despondency, during the composition of this book, is strikingly shown in the "*Letters*." From his correspondence with Malone, it appears that he hesitated whether he should accept an offer of 1000 guineas for the copyright, and that he was much in want of money. "Could I indeed raise £1000 upon the credit of the work, I should incline to game, as Sir Joshua says; because it may produce double the money, though Steevens *kindly* tells me that I have over-printed, and that the curiosity about Johnson is now only in our own circle." Steevens was wrong, or Boswell created the taste which he gratified, for the book speedily rose into the popularity which it still retains. In August, about three months after the publication, he writes; "My *magnum opus* tells wonderfully; 1200 are now gone, and we hope the whole 1700 must be gone before Christmas." In the advertisement to the second edition, which was published in July, 1793, with eight sheets of additional matter, Boswell delightedly proclaims: "An honorable and revered friend, speaking of the favorable reception of my volumes, even in the circles of fashion and elegance, said to me, 'You have made them all talk Johnson.' Yes, I may add, I have *Johnsonized* the land; and I trust they will not only talk but think *Johnson*."

In "*Green's Diary*," it is stated, that Sir James Mackintosh "spoke highly of Johnson's prompt and vigorous powers in conversation, and, on this ground, of Boswell's *Life* of him. Burke, he said, agreed with him, and affirmed that this work was a greater monument to Johnson's fame than



all his writings put together." Allowing for its influence in attracting attention to his writings, the "Life" may certainly be described as the greatest monument to his fame. It was so regarded by the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and (what would most especially have delighted the author had he lived to see it) the rival collectors of "Johnsoniana" rarely see the light except in the ignominious position of his appendages, dragged along in his wake or tacked to his tail. His success, with all its drawbacks, was quite enough at starting to have made him happy, had he retained his pristine buoyancy and hopefulness of spirit; but he had no longer strength of mind to shake off his now confirmed habit of flying to the bottle for consolation, and the temporary relief of course added to the normal despondency: "Though I go into jovial scenes, I feel no pleasure in existence except the mere gratification of the senses. O, my friend, this is sad!"

An unpublished letter from Temple to Mrs. Temple contains a proof that the reverend friend was by no means a vigilant guardian or a severe monitor: "On Sunday, Boswell and I communicated. You know we dined at Forster's: he drank too much Madeira, and got intoxicated, and was seen staggering on the ramparts. This was both wrong and indiscreet." On another occasion, he was robbed and ill-treated when insensible or defenceless from drunkenness. A second marriage was suggested, and Sir W. Scott (Lord Stowell) promoted a scheme for marrying him to Lady Scott's sister. It does not appear why this failed; but later in the same year (1791) he speaks of having had "several matrimonial schemes of late," with which he promises to amuse Temple at Auchinleck. None of them came to maturity. His circumstances annually became more and more straitened; his melancholy increased; his master-vice grew upon him; and on May 19, 1795, he died,—a memorable example of talent impaired by vacillation of purpose, health and happiness sacrificed to self-indulgence, worldly prospects blighted by misplaced ambition, and solid reputation frittered away by vanity.

Before examining how far these recent revelations are likely to vary the popular or critical estimate of Boswell's character, to weaken or strengthen his authority, we

wish to call attention to the value of the "Letters" as aids to literary history. Thus the letter (p. 201) contains several specimens of the table-talk of Hume, and gives us a glimpse of the feasts of reason at Edinburgh in its Augustan age.

"On Thursday I supped at Mr. Hume's, where we had the young Parisian, Lord Kames, and Dr. Robertson,—an elegant supper, three sorts of ice-creams. What think you of the northern Epicurus style? I can recollect no conversation. Our writers here are really not prompt on all occasions, as those of London.

"On Saturday, the Parisian and Mr. Hume and some gentlemen supped with me,—no fruit that night either. But the word fruit makes me recollect that Hume said Burke's speech on Reconciliation with the Colonies, which I lent to him, had a great deal of flower, a great deal of leaf, and a little fruit."

Who but Boswell would have recorded the three ice-creams! Hume's remark was obviously a paraphrase of Pope's couplet—

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found."

Readers of the "Life," in which Gibbon and Adam Smith are frequently mentioned, should bear in mind that neither of these eminent men had been fortunate enough to conciliate the favor of the biographer.

"I don't know but you have spoken too highly of Gibbon's books; the Dean of Derry, who is of our Club as well as Gibbon, talks of answering it. I think it is right that as fast as infidel wasps or venomous insects, whether creeping or flying, are hatched, they should be crushed. Murphy says he has read thirty pages of Smith's 'Wealth,' but says he shall read no more: Smith too is now of our Club. *It has lost its select merit.* He is going to Scotland at the request of David Hume, who is said to be dying. General Paoli had a pretty remark when I told him of this: 'Ah! je suis fâché qu'il soit détrompé si tôt.'"

The Club losing its select merit by the introduction of Adam Smith! Gibbon a wasp or insect! This is quite enough to establish Boswell's claim to rank as what the great moralist professed to like so much, a good hater. But he does not rest satisfied with metaphorical abuse of the historian of the "Decline and Fall." On May 8, 1779, he writes: "He (Gibbon) is an ugly,

affected, disgusting fellow, and poisons our literary club to me."

The printed "Boswelliana" is mostly a collection of family sayings compiled by Boswell, with the view of embalming the wisdom and wit of his father, wife, and son, besides his own. Although they have hitherto been confined to a small and extremely select circle of readers, several are worthy of a larger public. Those of the old judge come first:

"Lord Auchinleck and his son were very different men. My lord was solid and composed. Boswell was light and restless. My lord rode very slow. Boswell was one day impatient to get on, and begged my lord to ride a little faster; 'for,' said he, 'it is not the exercise that fatigues me, but the hinging upon a beast.' His father replied, 'What's the matter, man, how a chield hings, if he dinna hing upon a gallows?'"

The pointed language in which the stout old Whig and Presbyterian condemned "Jamie's" style of hero-worship is well known. Jamie, on his side, was not sparing in his sneers at the paternal mode of thinking. After describing Johnson's visit to Auchinleck, and hoping that they had met in another and higher state of existence, he adds: "But I must observe, in justice to my friend's political principles, and my own, that they have met in a place where there is no room for Whiggism."

According to a bar anecdote, inaccurately told in one of Lord Campbell's amusing and instructive volumes, a distinguished barrister, lately on the Bench, being asked by a chief baron his reason for drinking porter in the morning, replied that, having to argue a case before his lordship, he was bringing down his faculties to the regular Exchequer pitch. Boswell had hit upon the same expedient. In June, 1775, he announced an intention to "try what living (with his father) in a mixed stupidity of attention to common objects, and restraint from expressing any of my own feelings, can do with me." In the following August, he writes: "I have done so all this week to admiration; nay I have appeared good humored; but it has cost me drinking a considerable quantity of strong beer to dull my faculties." At the same time he had an unfeigned esteem for the judge, and records of him in the "Boswelliana":

"Lord Auchinleck was one of the most firm and indefatigable judges that ever lived. Brown and Utrecht said, 'he was one of those great beams that were placed here and there to support the edifice of society.'"

There is a story, mentioned by the Editor of the Letters, that Boswell headed the mob who broke his father's windows for giving judgment against the popular side in the Douglass cause. There is no startling improbability in the accusation. It has been told on good authority of a late right hon. gentleman who had filled the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, that the first time he entered his official residence was at the head of a body of rioters, in his youth. When Lord Irnham challenged his son, Colonel Luttrell, of Middlesex election memory, the challenge was declined on the ground that his lordship was not a gentleman. Here is a precedent for joining a mob, and one for flinging off filial respect in an emergency. When Boswell's enthusiasm was fairly kindled, he was not the man to be staggered by what he might have deemed idle prejudices or conventional observances. But he must be absolved on this occasion; for we have ascertained that the father gave judgment in favor of the claimant (the direct heir) patronized by the son.

The best or most characteristic of the sayings uttered or provoked by Boswell, and duly recorded in his note-book, are the following:

"A stupid fellow was declaiming against that kind of raillery called *roasting*, and was saying, 'I am sure I have a great deal of good nature, I never roast any.'—Why, Sir," said Boswell, "you are an exceedingly good-natured man, to be sure; but I can give you a better reason for your never roasting any. Sir, you never roast any, because you have got no fire."

"Mons. d'Ankerville paid me the compliment that I was the man of genius who had the best heart he had ever known; instancing Montesquieu, Rosseau, Voltaire, Monsieur said, '*A l'ordinaire l'esprit brule le cœur.*'"

If the stupid fellow mentioned in the first of these anecdotes had been at M. d'Ankerville's elbow, he might have retorted that the reason why Boswell's *esprit* did not burn up his heart, might be that there was not fire enough.

"Boswell and John Hume met with a man, in their walk one morning, who said

he was aged 103. 'What a stupid fellow,' said Boswell, 'must that be, who has lived so long.'"

This may be traced to Swift, who, when some one was speaking of a "fine old man," cried out impatiently, "There is no such thing; if either his head or his heart had been worth any thing, they would have worn him out long ago;" an aphorism which has received the most overwhelming refutation. To say nothing of many illustrious octogenarian contemporaries, it will be admitted that Voltaire's and Goethe's heads were worth something, whatever may be objected to their hearts.

"Boswell was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. 'Yes, yes,' cried Lord Kames, 'Homer sometimes nods.' Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added, 'Indeed, Sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer.'"

"At the Court of Saxe Gotha there were two ladies of honor, Mesdemoiselles de Ricksepen (?), very pretty, but very little. Boswell said to a Baron of the court, 'Monsieur, il faut les prendre comme des alouettes, par la demie douzaine.'"

"Boswell said, that 'Berkeley reasoned himself out of house and home.'"

"When Boswell came first into Italy, and saw the extreme profligacy of the ladies, he said, 'Italy has been called the Garden of Europe, I think it is the Covent Garden.'"

"In talking of Dr. Armstrong's excessive indolence, to Andrew Erskine, I used this strong figure: 'He is sometimes so idle, that his soul cannot turn itself in its bed.'"

"There are a variety of little circumstances in life which, like pins in a lady's dress, are necessary for keeping it together, and giving it neatness and elegance."

"I said that a drunken fellow was not honest. 'A stick,' said I, 'kept always moist, becomes rotten.'"

"Boswell said, 'A man is reckoned a wise man, rather for what he does not say, than for what he says: perhaps upon the whole, Limbertongue speaks a greater quantity of good sense than Manly does, but Limbertongue gives you such floods of frivolous nonsense that his sense is quite drowned. Manly gives you unmixed good sense only. Manly will always be thought the wisest man of the two.'"

The last of these sayings may help to account for the low estimate that has been formed of Boswell himself. He is a striking proof that the nonsense men talk, as well as the ill they do, lives after them, whilst "the

sense is oft interred with their bones;" and as ill-luck would have it, he has crossed the luminous track of a brilliant historian and critic, whose portraits resemble some of Rembrandt's masterpieces, in which the effect of the light is artistically enhanced by the surrounding intensity of shade. We allude of course to Mr. Macaulay's "Essay on Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson," recently reprinted in the "Traveller's Library;" which, considering the time (twenty-five years) since it appeared in this Review, and its frequent republication, may now fairly be regarded as standing on the writer's individual responsibility. Nor does it anywhere appear that he is disposed to soften the severe sentence passed in that celebrated criticism.

"The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere."

"We are not sure that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all. He was, if we are to give any credit to his own account, or to the united testimony of all who knew him, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect. Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality by not having been alive when the Dunciad was written. Beauclerk used his name as a proverbial expression for a bore. He was the laughing-stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame."

"That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is strange enough."—(*Macaulay's Essays*, pp. 23-31.)

That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is not merely strange, it is impossible. Will Mr. Macaulay from whom we always differ (when we differ) with hesitation and regret, pardon us for suggesting that he has here been hurried into the mistake which, to the best of our recollection, he has pointed out, in one of his admirable critical essays, as common

amongst writers of fiction? A hero like Eugene Aram, or Paul Ferroll, commits a cold-blooded crime from the most commonplace of bad motives—the wish to get possession of money or to get rid of a wife—yet in every thing else we see or hear of him he is represented as the mildest, noblest, most humane and amiable of men. The same plan is followed in reference to physical qualities. Thus, in Mr. Disraeli's "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," a slender stripling, whose feminine delicacy of form has been especially noted, tears up a young palm tree by the roots and lays about him like another Samson. Yet this is not a more startling improbability than that "one of the smallest men that ever lived" should be "the first of biographers," or (as Mr. Macaulay goes on to say) should, "in an important department of literature, have immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol, Johnson." Could such a book have been written without judgment and discrimination, or without some knowledge and appreciation of each of the infinite variety of curious and important topics discussed in it? "The more I read of the 'Journal' the higher I think of you," was Johnson's remark on the "Tour to the Hebrides," which contains its full proportion of indiscretion and egotism. The authorship of a book giving decided proof of intellectual power, discrimination or capacity, is a positive fact which cannot be neutralized or set aside by any number of weak actions or silly speeches. It is just as logical for a man's admirers or apologists to infer from his writings that he possesses knowledge and judgment, as for his assailants to conclude from his conduct or conversation that he is a fool. Are not the contradictions and inconsistencies of human nature a byword? Need we look round for a more memorable example than "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind?" Could not Mr. Macaulay, from his own rich and varied stores alone, fill chapters, or occupy hours, with "fears of the brave and follies of the wise?"

Thus he justly says of Johnson that "the characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell: if by the worst parts of

his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself." Nor is it denied that literary men of the highest eminence have been equally remarkable for absurdity in speech and action, but an attempt is made to distinguish their cases from that of Boswell:

"Goldsmith was very justly described by one of his contemporaries as an inspired idiot, and by another, as a being

"Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

La Fontaine was in society a mere simpleton; his blunders would not come in amiss amongst the stories of Hierocles. But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities that made him the jest and torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book."

Probably not; but could he have produced so excellent a book wholly and exclusively by dint of his bad qualities? Suppose we admit that his mode of collecting his materials, by forcing himself into the company of eminent men and taking notes of their conversation, was degrading and ungentlemanlike, still he must have had judgment to select them and language to preserve them. "He had indeed"—continues his censor, and the admission is important—"a quick observation and retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal." Let parasite and coxcomb pass, although these are hard names; but Boswell was not a dunce, any more than Goldsmith was an idiot; and a great fool, in the broad general sense, can never be a great writer. On this point Mr. Carlyle remarks, in his quaint manner:

"*Bad* is by its nature negative, and can do nothing; whatsoever enables us to do any thing, is by its very nature *good*. Alas! that there should be teachers in Israel, or even learners, to whom this world-ancient fact is still problematical, or even deniable. Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his



free insight, his lively talent, above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthly in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness, —wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest, of human feelings. None but a reverent man (which so unspeakably few are) could have found his way from Boswell's environment to Johnson's."

Mr. Carlyle's "world-ancient fact" would appear less deniable to both teachers and learners if he had said that *bad* can do nothing *good*; which is just as good for the argument in hand. In our opinion, Mr. Macaulay has ranked Boswell too high as an author and too low as a man. We think him neither a great writer nor a great fool; and his moral qualities were of the same mixed composition as his mental. He was a weak, vain, and erring mortal; no words are too strong to stigmatize his indelicacy, his sensuality, or his want of self-respect; but if he had not also been frank, cordial, affectionate, good-humored, generous and confiding to a fault, he would have escaped the larger part of the withering contempt lavished on him. He was always ready to make every imaginable allowance for others; and because he foolishly fancied that they would be equally just or charitable towards him, he displayed, with cool self-complacency, "every thing which another man would have hidden." The inevitable result was that all his "caprices, illusions, and whimsies" have been judged precisely as if, instead of revealing them, he had been detected in them. He has had no credit for his candor, nor for the utter unconsciousness of confirmed selfishness, malignity, or bad feeling of any kind, which could alone induce the vainest creature that ever lived (at least, in his sane intervals), to lay bare the inmost recesses of his own heart and mind for the edification of his contemporaries.

It was Boswell's fate to furnish the strongest practical confirmation of the worldly prudence of his illustrious friend's advice, never to tell disparaging stories of himself, because they were sure to be repeated to his disadvantage when the mitigating circumstances of his own narrative would be forgotten or suppressed. When the whole

of his most ludicrous or degrading indiscretions are brought together in one glowing and scorching paragraph, they certainly look formidable; and for that very reason, the most scrupulous care should be taken to give due weight to the evidence on the other side. If Johnson told Boswell, in the sixth year of their intimacy, that he had missed a chance of immortality by not being alive when the "Dunciad" was written, it might have been remembered that he wrote in sober seriousness, in the seventeenth (Oct. 17, 1780): "I love you so well, that I would be glad to love all that love you, and that you love." . . . "Perhaps it may please God to give us some time together before we are parted." If Beauclerc comically threatens a correspondent to send Boswell to talk to him if he does not speedily return to his friends, Beauclerc was fond of Boswell's company, and was zealous for his admission to the Club. If he was a laughing-stock of that brilliant society, so most assuredly was Goldsmith; and, bearing this in mind, we venture to hint, that to be a laughing-stock is not incompatible with genius or with worth. When Lord Stowell was asked whether Boswell was respected in Edinburgh, the answer was, "Well, I think he had about the proportion of respect that you would guess would be shown to a jolly fellow." His lordship, adds Mr. Croker, evidently thought that there was more *regard* than respect. Yet his Lordship was anxious to have this jolly fellow for his brother-in-law.

The testimony of Sir William Forbes, in his "Life of Beattie," to Boswell's merits, is too striking to be omitted. "I have known few men who possessed a stronger sense of piety or more fervent devotion (tinctured, no doubt, with some little share of superstition, which had probably been, in some measure, fostered by his intimacy with Dr. Johnson), perhaps not always sufficient to regulate his imagination or direct his conduct; yet still genuine, and founded both in his understanding and his heart." His social offences almost all resolve themselves into a certain bluntness of perception or absence of sensibility, which rendered him unconscious of the finer shades of conduct or feeling. He justified unauthorized intrusions into the society of celebrated men, on the ground that, if his advances were ill re-

ceived, he remained where he was before, making no account of the humiliation or the slight. He invites himself to breakfast with a clergyman at Grantham, and when he is asked to dinner with a polite intimation that the proposed breakfast would be inconvenient, he exclaims: "What can be the meaning of this? How can breakfasting be inconvenient to a family that dines?" He starts the question whether, when a man knows that some of his intimate friends are invited to the house of another friend with whom they are all equally intimate, he may join them without an invitation. Johnson: "No, Sir, he is not to go when he is not invited. They may be invited on purpose to abuse him" (smiling). Boswell was just the man to increase the hilarity of a convivial meeting, or to promote conversation in an intellectual one. He had inexhaustible good humor and vivacity. He sang a good song, was a capital mimic, and was always prepared to obviate "the painful effect of the dreary void, when there is a total silence in a company for any length of time," by leaping, with the self-devotion of another Curtius, into the gulf. He had a large stock of miscellaneous topics producible at the shortest notice, and (to borrow Dr. Johnson's phrase) fecundity of images for their illustration.

Several apt metaphors have been already quoted from the "Boswelliana," and many more might easily be selected from his letters or journals; as when he compares himself, on the occasion of his bringing Johnson acquainted with Paoli, to an isthmus connecting two great continents; or his remark in allusion to the Duchess of Hamilton's rebuke that, when he recollected that his punishment was inflicted by so dignified a beauty, he had that kind of consolation which a man would feel who is strangled by a silken cord; or his argument that a man who is not easily made drunk is most injured by drinking: "A fortress which soon surrenders, has its walls less shattered than when a long and obstinate resistance is made." This kind of fancy animates and diversifies conversation, and goes far towards making an agreeable member of society. Boswell's *bons mots* may not suffice to found the reputation of a wit, but we may surely be allowed to say of him in this capacity, what Johnson said of Churchill as a poet: "To be sure, he is a

tree that cannot produce good fruit; he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few."

Contemporaneously with these Letters has appeared, by an opportune coincidence, a very remarkable addition to what may be termed our Johnsonian literature; namely, the biographical and critical article on Johnson in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is authenticated by the initials T. B. M., and is the avowed composition of the eminent writer whose sweeping condemnation of Boswell we have ventured to contest. When Sheridan, after producing his finest comedy, suspended his labors for the stage, it was whispered that he was afraid of the author of the "School for Scandal." Mr. Macaulay might have been excused if he had been reluctant to enter into competition with the author of the account of Johnson comprised in the essay on Mr. Croker's "Boswell." So far as it went, this sketch hardly admitted of improvement, but it was susceptible of enlargement and expansion; for the Doctor's personal peculiarities had been dashed off by a few rapid and broad, although firm and masterly, strokes of the brush; and the analytical examination of his writings was postponed. The article in the Encyclopædia (which would fill about forty of our pages), comprises a clear, concise, and complete appreciation of him in each phase or aspect of his literary character,—as a poet, a moral essayist, a critic, and a lexicographer. This is entirely new matter, and as there is no immediate prospect of its being republished in a separate or more accessible form, we propose to extract a few paragraphs. Let us first, however, indulge ourselves and our readers by copying one in which Mr. Macaulay has modified—at all events has expressed in milder and admirably chosen terms—his opinion of Johnson's religion.

"A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and

frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium; they reached him refracted, dulled and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him."

The sketch of "Titty" (Boswell prints "Tetty") borders on the caricature; and the inmates of Bolt Court are also grouped and drawn in a fashion which partakes somewhat of the license of a fancy piece:

"At the head of the establishment Johnson had placed an old lady named Williams, whose chief recommendations were her blindness and her poverty. But, in spite of her murmurs and reproaches, he gave an asylum to another lady who was as poor as herself, Mrs. Desmoulins, whose family he had known many years before in Staffordshire. Room was found for the daughter of Mrs. Desmoulins, and for another destitute damsel, who was generally addressed as Miss Carmichael, but whom her generous host called Polly. An old quack doctor named Levett, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney-coachmen, and received for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper, completed this strange menagerie."

Can this be the Levett of Johnson's celebrated verses?—

"In misery's darkest caverns known,  
His ready help was ever nigh,  
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,  
And lonely wight retired to die.

"No summons mock'd by chill delay,  
No petty gains disdain'd by pride,  
The modest wants of every day  
The toil of every day supplied."

Were coalheavers and hackney-coachmen the sole or principal occupants of misery's darkest caverns, or were glasses of gin amongst the modest daily wants of their benefactor?

We pass on to those portions of the article which command assent by their justness and comprehensiveness of view, as well as admiration for the point and vigor of the style. After touching lightly on Johnson's contributions to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and showing how the debates which he composed, rather than reported, for that miscellany, were warped and discolored by his prejudices, Mr. Macaulay proceeds to describe the circumstances which preceded and accompanied

the embryo moralist's first appearance as a poet, by the publication of "London" in 1738. What may be called the companion poem, the "Vanity of Human Wishes," was not published till eleven years afterwards, when the author's reputation was fully established, and he had been two years at work on his Dictionary. The critical biographer has evidently not made up his mind whether the palm of superiority belongs to Juvenal or his imitator; but, taking it as a whole, we are inclined to think that, in most of the essential qualities of poetry, Johnson has, in the "Vanity of Human Wishes," surpassed his prototype. Sir Walter Scott told Ballantyne that he had more pleasure in reading "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes" than any other poetical composition he could mention; and "I think," adds Ballantyne, "I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than while reciting aloud from these productions."\* Byron, in his diary (1821) sets down: "Read Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes;' all the examples and the mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet. 'Tis a grand poem; and so true! true as the 10th of Juvenal himself." Johnson received fifteen guineas for the copyright, only five guineas more than was paid for "London," which was published without his name, and before he had a name of sufficient eminence to excite interest or attract readers.

A few days after the publication of the "Vanity of Human Wishes," his tragedy, "Irene," was brought on the stage. It must have been considerably advanced before he left Lichfield, for Boswell relates that when Gilbert Walmeley (registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court), to whom he read what he had done, objected that he had brought his heroine into great distress too soon, and asked, "How can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity?" Johnson replied, "Sir, I can put her into the Spiritual Court." At Garrick's suggestion, he resolved to deepen the catastrophe by having her strangled upon the stage. She was to speak two lines with the bowstring round her neck. The audience cried out *murder*, and she was obliged to go off the stage alive. In all the subsequent representations, she

\* Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. ii.

was carried off to be strangled behind the scenes. Some other alterations proposed by Garrick were sturdily resisted by the author, who told Dr. Taylor, when he attempted to mediate, "Sir, the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels."

The "Rambler" came out every Tuesday and Saturday, from March, 1750, to March, 1752. Mr. Macaulay describes it as enthusiastically received by a few eminent men, although little relished by the public, and he states fairly enough the decision of posterity:

"On the question of precedence between Addison and Johnson, a question which, seventy years ago, was much disputed, posterity has pronounced a decision from which there is no appeal. Sir Roger, his chaplain and his butler, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb, the 'Vision of Mirza,' the 'Journal of the Retired Citizen,' the 'Everlasting Club,' the 'Dumfrow Flicth,' the 'Loves of Hilpah and Shalum,' the 'Visit to the Exchange,' and the 'Visit to the Abbey,' are known to everybody. But many men and women, even of highly cultivated minds, are unacquainted with Squire Bluster and Mrs. Busy, Quisquilius and Venustulus, the 'Allegory of Wit and Learning,' the 'Chronicles of the Revolutions of a Garret,' and the sad fate of 'Anin-gait and Ajut.'"

If Mr. Macaulay's personal observation and experience have led him to the conclusion that the "Loves of Hilpah and Shalum," the "Visit to the Exchange," the "Visit to the Abbey," or any other of the best papers in the "Spectator," not excepting the admirable critical essays, are "known to everybody," he has been extremely fortunate in his society. To the shame of the rising generation and their instructors, be it spoken, the British essayists no longer form an indispensable part of the education of the most cultivated class of either sex; and the late Mr. Rogers once complained in our hearing: "I was not understood, yesterday, when I talked to a budding legislator about Sir Andrew Freeport; and here is a young lady who supposes Soged, Emperor of Ethiopia, to be one of the tawdry potentates discovered by Bruce."

The "Idler" is passed over as "a second part of the 'Rambler,' somewhat livelier and somewhat weaker than the first part; "

and Mr. Macaulay hastens on to censure the tame plot and palpable anachronisms of "Rasselas," without paying due tribute to its elevated morality, its chastening and improving (if depressing) views of life, its sound maxims of conduct, and the melancholy grandeur of the style. Of the Dictionary, he says:

"It was indeed the first dictionary which could be read with pleasure. The definitions show so much acuteness of thought and command of language, and the passages quoted from poets, divines, and philosophers are so skilfully selected, that a leisure hour may always be very agreeably spent in turning over the pages. The faults of the book resolve themselves, for the most part, into one great fault. Johnson was a wretched etymologist. He knew little or nothing of any Teutonic language except English, which, indeed, as he wrote it, was scarcely a Teutonic language; and thus he was absolutely at the mercy of Junius and Skinner."

He is equally summary in his judgment of Johnson's edition of Shakspeare:

"The preface, though it contains some good passages, is not in his best manner. The most valuable notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life and human nature. The best specimen is the note on the character of Polonius. Nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable examination of Hamlet. But here praise must end. It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic."

Of the political pamphlets, in one of which Johnson conceived himself to have demolished Junius, we are told:

"He had already written two or three tracts in defence of the foreign and domestic policy of the government; and those tracts, though hardly worthy of him, were much superior to the crowd of pamphlets which lay on the counters of Almon and Stockdale. But his 'Taxation No Tyranny' was a pitiable failure. The very title was a silly phrase, which can have been recommended to his choice by nothing but a jingling alliteration which he ought to have despised. The arguments were such as boys use in debating societies. The pleasantry was as awkward as the gambols of a hippotamus."

This pamphlet was deemed so beneath Johnson, that he was generally supposed to stand in need of some such counsel as Gil Blas administered to the Archbishop. This,



however, was an error: his faculties remained unimpaired to his dying day, and were never more brilliantly displayed than in his last work of consequence, the "Lives of the Poets." His strength lay in literary history and biography, and from earliest youth he had been unconsciously amassing materials for such an undertaking. "The narratives," we agree with Mr. Macaulay, "are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent, and, even when grossly and provokingly unjust, well deserve to be studied. For, however erroneous they may be, they are never silly." After noticing the colloquial ease of the style, as compared with that of the "Life of Savage,"—perhaps the most captivating of all in other respects,—Mr. Macaulay declares that "the best are perhaps those of Cowley, Dryden, and Pope. The very worst is beyond all doubt that of Gray."

Johnson's dislike to Gray was as strong, and as difficult to trace to its origin, as his prejudice against the Scotch. When Boswell demurred to the epithet of "dull," as applied to such a poet, Johnson retorted: "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great. He was a mechanical poet." On another occasion he called Gray "a barren rascal." Yet surely the author of the "Elegy" and the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" was at least entitled to the reverse of the praise bestowed on Churchill. It might be said: "To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce much fruit; but he bears golden pippins."

Mr. Macaulay pays an earnest and eloquent tribute to Johnson's colloquial powers, and speaks of the influence of his conversation as altogether without a parallel. This being so, it is much to be regretted that he had contracted in youth, and retained to his dying day, the baneful habit of talking for victory. "Why, No, Sir," was his ordinary commencement, even when he was about to express his assent, or had no antagonist to encounter. "He is now," exclaimed Garrick, as Johnson was swinging backwards and forwards, and tossing a proposition to and fro, "considering which side he will take." This practice, besides often

disseminating error under the guise of authority, is an affront to those who are forced into the arena as opponents, and fatal to the temper of the pugnacious talker; because, when worsted, he is wounded in his tenderest part, his vanity; he can neither fall back upon the consciousness of truth, nor find pleasure in its discovery. He is in the condition of a chess-player who has contemptuously volunteered to give a knight or bishop, and is beaten. A great deal of Johnson's overbearing manner and rudeness may be traced to this cause. Goldsmith complained that there was no arguing with him, because, when his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt; and self-respect induced many of the most accomplished of his contemporaries to keep aloof from his society, or (like Fox and Gibbon) to remain silent in it.

He himself one day told Boswell, "That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm, quiet interchange of sentiments." Here, however, he is speaking of conversation between two friends; and a little discussion, in which honest convictions are firmly and quietly maintained, is elsewhere mentioned as a desirable element. The fault of the best modern society is its too great affectation of lightness and point. We use up too many subjects without sounding, much less exhausting, them. We saunter through a range of topics, like the author of the "Castle of Indolence" in Lord Burlington's garden, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, biting off the sunny sides of the peaches. We put too much pepper in our cream tarts, and try to live upon nothing else. If the colloquial powers of the generation that is just dying out are to be estimated by what has been preserved in receptacles like Moore's Diary—a valuable and amusing addition to literary and social history, in its way—what will be thought of these in comparison with the generation that preceded them? A great deal undoubtedly depends on the diarist; and if Boswell had been an inmate of Holland House and Bowood, in the days of Sydney and Bobus Smith, Mackintosh, Brougham, Luttrell, Rogers, Hallam, Macaulay, Byron, De Stael, Talleyrand, &c. &c., he would have carried off something more solid and durable than gossip, *bons mots*, and anecdotes. All who

coincide with us in this opinion, must give him credit for discrimination and appreciation enough to expatiate, without losing himself, in a mighty maze of wit, wisdom, argument, learning and knowledge; in other words, for a faculty, or set of faculties, which no admixture of weakness or vanity can render fitting subjects for unmitigated reprobation or contempt.

"Boswell's book," concludes Mr. Macaulay, "has done more for him (Johnson) than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works; but the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive." "No

human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave, is so well known to us." That he is so, is good for letters, for morals, for intellectual progress, for sound criticism, for truth. Let us not then be ungrateful to him by whom the ripest fruit of this great teacher's mind has been preserved. Let us lament his weaknesses, laugh at his absurdities, and condemn his vices; but let us not refuse to balance his merits against his demerits, nor take advantage of his indiscreet candor to rank him below all who, equally powerless to resist temptation, have sought a convenient shelter in hypocrisy.

**NEW ACQUAINTANCES.**—It has been frequently remarked that the numerous wars and more extended diplomatic relations, of late years, have had the effect of greatly extending the popular knowledge of geography and of modern languages, or, at least, of fitting into our language a vast number of foreign words and phrases hitherto unknown. Thus, within a few years, most newspaper readers have become passably familiar with Nicaragua and California, Mexico and the map of Cuba, as well as an infinity of terrible Slavonic terms, born of a cold in the national head and throat, and made known by the Russian war. But there is another variety of more curious knowledge which we are destined to acquire, probably within the next twenty or thirty years, and of which we are as yet only at the beginning. We refer to a personal knowledge of many races to which the untravelled are at present strangers.

We were induced to make this reflection by an extract from *Le Nord*—the Russian organ at Brussels—to the effect that the Russians had never travelled so much as during the present year; and even nearly all the members of the royal family had fallen into the movement. It is not generally known that the Russian is naturally quite as predisposed to be a traveller as the Englishman. The great difficulty which most Russians have generally experienced in getting permission to leave the empire, has been a complete check on their desires in this particular; but, of late, government has manifested much indulgence, and we may, consequently, expect a great streaming forth of hordes from the North. So remarkable is this disposition of the Russian to change and rove, that Kohl, the great traveller, fancies that he sees in it some remnant of the ancient Nomadic spirit, which still manifests itself as incurable among their Tartar cousins. Let the barriers be once removed—and the strong hand of commerce cannot fail to remove them, or render them more readily passable—and we shall see the world full of the curious, restless, busy race which is remarkable for presenting more points of likeness and unlikeness to our own than any other extant. What the effect would be of

active intercourse between people of such a singular character and our own, it is difficult to imagine.

The Chinese are another race of whom we are destined to see not a little. What with the rebellion at home, and the Cooley slave trade abroad, the Celestials are gradually having their oblique eyes opened to the strange realities of American life abroad. Whether civilization and travel will ever have the effect of removing the singular moral obliquities under which they labor, remains to be seen. The Chinese, also, like the Russian, has (always excepting his peculiar "moral obliquity") many points in common with the American. He is by nature an arithmetician—a man fond of plain common sense and commercial pursuits—a man avoiding poetry and flying to prose, and very fond of what he calls "talkee leeson," meaning the discussion of prudent, no-nonsense, straight-forward doctrines of the Poor Richard order.

The Hungarians are another intelligent race, who would travel all over the earth, if they could, and who will yet be writing the most astonishing names dreamed of in all the combinations of vowels and consonants, on our hotel books. Not less addicted to travel are their neighbors the Tyrolese, who have been called the Yankees of Europe, and who are, after their fashion, a sort of German Sam Slicks, travelling to all sorts of petty markets, peddling not only clothes, but home-made table covers and stockings, having a joke with every body, treating every body politely—but never letting them go until a "trade" has been driven or some article sold.

All of these people and many more will yet become familiar objects in America. As yet they have not ventured much across the ocean, for their ideas of remaining on firm land are centuries old, and the iron horse is a new invention. Their governments, too, sit as yet with closed doors for the great mass within. But in a few years those doors will be opened, and we shall begin to realize, amid constant intercourse with strange races, the unconquerable dignity of the Anglo-Saxon blood and its true mission in the world.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

Translated from the French for the Evening Post.

# MATCHES THAT MEN MAY EAT AND CHILDREN PLAY WITH.

In the last meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Industry, M. Coignet submitted an important paper relative to the use of phosphorus rouge in the preparation of chemical matches.

As at present prepared, phosphorus matches are dangerous in three respects: 1st. They constitute a poison, the more dangerous as it is difficult to detect its presence in the system, and because no antidote is known for its effects. Hence there is constant danger to families from the imprudence of children; and criminals have always at hand the means of speedy and certain death. 2d. They are frequently the cause of fires; it is sufficient to drop a match, or to step upon one, to cause combustion and accidents. 3d. They are eminently dangerous to the workmen engaged in their manufacture—because the phosphorus, emitting poisonous emanations, frequently engenders a frightful malady known as *necrose* or jaw rot, (*carie de la mâchoire*.)

It is known that the phosphorus rouge, or *amorphe*, discovered by M. Schrotter, is obtained by submitting the ordinary phosphorus for several days to a high temperature; i. e., near boiling point. By this exposure—and it is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern chemistry—the phosphorus is completely transformed.

Before receiving the prolonged action of the caloric, the phosphorus is white and transparent; after the exposure it is brown and opaque. Before, it is as soft as wax; afterwards, as hard as crystal. Before, it is fusible at forty centigrades; afterwards, it is not so at less than 180 degrees. Before, it is combustible at the ordinary temperature; afterwards, it is not so at less than 180 degrees. Before, it gives abundant emanations; afterwards, it produces none, and is absolutely odorless. Before, it is easily dissolved in oils, alkalis, sulphate of carbon, and even in the juices of the stomach; afterwards, it is completely indissoluble in any of these.

In a word, the heat gives to the phosphorus entirely new properties, and renders it eminently proper to be substituted for the ordinary article used in the fabrication of chemical matches. In effect, there are no

emanations of any kind which can engender cariousness in the maxillary bones of the workmen, nor poison them in any way. Numerous experiments by various observers,—among them Dr. Causse, M. Bussey, MM. Chevalier, father and son, MM. Orfila and Bigout, &c., &c.,—and which have been repeated at the school of Alfort, have abundantly established the harmless nature of the phosphorus rouge. Strong doses have been administered to animals without disastrous results; whereas the smallest quantities of the ordinary article produce speedy death.

The practical result of this seems very simple. To avoid the dangers which result from the presence of the ordinary phosphorus in matches, it is only necessary to use the phosphorus rouge, which contains no poisonous properties, and which ignites with difficulty. In this view of the case the substitution would seem to be a public benefit. Such, in fact, was the unanimous conclusion of the Hygiene Council of the Department of the Seine, of the Academy of Medicine, and the General Sanitary Council.

But a difficulty presented itself to the government, which was quite ready to impose upon manufacturers the exclusive use of the phosphorus rouge in the preparation of matches. The rouge does not ignite as easily as the white phosphorus; hence it was necessary to mix with it a very combustible substance—chlorate of potash. Now the mixture of materials so explosive as chlorate of potasse and phosphorus was very dangerous to the laborers and manufacturers, who were in constant fear of explosion and fire. Hence the manufacturers have evinced a great repugnance to the substitution, and their resistance, which seemed reasonable, has prevented the intervention of the government.

But a happy idea occurred to M. Lundstorm, a Swede, which obviates all the difficulties which have arisen. M. Lundstorm uses the phosphorus rouge and the chlorate of potasse, but he uses them separately. He puts the chlorate of potasse upon the matches, and applies the phosphorus rouge to a surface by itself, which takes the place of the surface used for friction with ordinary matches. At the least contact—the least friction of the match dipped in chlorate of potasse, with this phosphorated surface, com-

bustion takes place. With this ingenious disposition, all the inconveniences, all the dangers of chemical matches are avoided. They are by no means poisonous, and leave no poisonous properties upon the surface or phosphorus plates where they are rubbed. They emit no vapor at a high temperature, and there is no injury to the workmen.

We may add, finally,—and this may be the capital point of the invention,—that the matches do not contain phosphorus; neither are they combustible by themselves, and can only ignite when rubbed upon the phosphorated surface described. It results that, provided this surface is placed beyond their reach, children can handle them with impu-

nity. Combustion cannot, as now, be produced by rubbing matches upon a box in the pocket. It will be remembered that recently Madame de Fitzjames has been burned alive by treading upon a match while walking in her garden.

How many causes of fires are avoided by this simple and valuable conception of Monsieur Lundstorm! What a guaranty of security have we in this for carrying matches, which have caused so many disasters upon sea and land! If our Insurance Companies have a heart to recognize him, they will place in their offices the bust of the humble Swede.

**STEEL BY ELECTRICITY.**—The London Journal gives an account of some interesting experiments designed to test the newly discovered powers of converting iron into steel by a current of electricity, passed through the iron when placed in a furnace, and imbedded in charcoal. The furnace used, on the occasion referred to, was fitted with two distinctly separate and independent compartments or boxes. One was filled with the common Swedish or bar iron, and the other with scrap and bar iron indiscriminately mixed in about equal proportions—the former was intended to be not so highly carbonized as the latter. The battery was placed, and generally so arranged, that the electric current should pass either through both, or through only one of these compartments respectively, as required. After the furnace had been brought to the proper temperature, which occupied the usual time, the battery was set in action; the electric current was passed through both boxes simultaneously for 24 hours, when a trial bar was drawn from the box which contained the bar iron required in only the lesser degree to be carbonized. From the various tests to which this bar was subjected, it was found to be sufficiently carbonized, or converted into steel, although it was deemed expedient that the action of the current of electricity should be continued another six hours, for soaking, making the entire period of thirty hours continuously. The current was applied to the remaining box or compartment alone for 72 hours in addition, at the expiration of which time the action of the battery was suspended, and the furnace was allowed gradually to cool. Highly carbonized steel was found to have resulted, which was thus produced through continuous electrical agency. The quantity of iron which for the longest period had been sub-

jected to the electric current was found in the highest degree to possess the respective qualities of hardness and carbonization. These experiments may be regarded as of special importance.

**PAPER FROM WOOD.**—Among the various articles proposed as substitutes for rags in the manufacture of paper are wood and peat. In the plan devised by Mr. Brooman, of London, for the production of paper from wood, machinery is used consisting of a millstone or millstones, or metal roller, cylinders, or rasps with roughened surfaces, which are caused to act upon blocks or pieces of wood held in a frame, always in the direction of the grain thereof, a current or stream of water being directed on the stone or other reducing agent immediately before its contact with the wood. A gauge is provided to prevent the passage with the water of such portions of the wood or woody fibres as may not be sufficiently reduced. The fibres come from the stones, rollers, cylinders, or rasps in a state of pulp, and are passed through sieves of different gauges, from which they are taken to be applied to the manufacture of different qualities of paper. The pulp thus obtained may be mixed with rag pulp, and with various other ingredients now employed in the manufacture of paper, and the pulp is subjected to form it into paper. The wood pulp may be bleached by any ordinary process, or by mixing it with a solution of carbonate of soda or soda ash, and subsequently with a solution of alum, the strength of these solutions being regulated by the degree of whiteness desired. The relative proportions of the two chemical bodies in their respective solutions are about two to one. The total quantity of both required is about one-tenth by weight of the pulp operated on.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## MR. GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

WHEN old Mr. Gilfil died, thirty years ago, there was general sorrow in Shepperton; and if black cloth had not been hung round the pulpit and reading-desk, by order of his nephew and principal legatee, the parishioners would certainly have subscribed the necessary sum out of their own pockets, rather than allow such a tribute of respect to be wanting. All the farmers' wives brought out their black bombazines; and Mrs. Jennings, at the Wharf, by appearing the first Sunday after Mr. Gilfil's death in her salmon-colored ribbons and green shawl, excited the severest remark. To be sure, Mrs. Jennings was a new-comer, and town-bred, so that she could hardly be expected to have very clear notions of what was proper; but, as Mrs. Liggins observed in an under-tone to Mrs. Parrot when they were coming out of church, "Her husband, who had been born i' the parish, might ha' told her better." An unreadiness to put on black on all available occasions, or too great an alacrity in putting it off, argued, in Mrs. Liggins's opinion, a dangerous levity of character, and an unnatural insensibility to the essential fitness of things.

"Some folks can't a-bear to put off their colors," she remarked; "but that was never the way i' my family. Why, Mrs. Parrot, from the time I was married till Mr. Liggins died, nine years ago, come Candlemas, I niver was out o' black two year together!"

"Ah," said Mrs. Parrot, who was conscious of inferiority in this respect, "there isn't many families as have had so many deaths as yours, Mrs. Liggins."

Mrs. Liggins, who was an elderly widow "well left," reflected with complacency that Mrs. Parrot's observation was no more than just, and that Mrs. Jennings very likely belonged to a family which had had no funerals to speak of.

Even dirty Dame Fripp, who was a very rare church-goer, had been to Mrs. Hackit to beg a bit of old crape, and with this sign of grief pinned on her little coal-scuttle bonnet, was seen dropping her curtesy opposite the reading-desk. This manifestation of respect towards Mr. Gilfil's memory on the part of Dame Fripp had no theological bearing whatever. It was due to an event which

had occurred some years back, and which, I am sorry to say, had left that grimy old lady as indifferent to the means of grace as ever. Dame Fripp kept leeches, and was understood to have such remarkable influence over those wilful animals in inducing them to bite under the most unpromising circumstances, that though her own leeches were usually rejected, from a suspicion that they had lost their appetite, she herself was constantly called in to apply the more lively individuals furnished from Mr. Pilgrim's surgery, when, as was very often the case, one of that clever man's paying patients was attacked with inflammation. Thus Dame Fripp, in addition to "property" supposed to yield her no less than half-a-crown a-week, was in the receipt of professional fees, the gross amount of which was vaguely estimated by her neighbors as "pouns an' pouns." Moreover, she drove a brisk trade in lollipop with epicurean urchins, who recklessly purchased that luxury at the rate of two hundred per cent. Nevertheless, with all these notorious sources of income, the shameless old woman constantly pleaded poverty, and begged for scraps at Mrs. Hackit's, who, though she always said Mrs. Fripp was "as false as two folks," and no better than a miser and a heathen, had yet a leaning towards her as an old neighbor.

"There's that case-hardened old Judy a-coming after the tea-leaves again," Mrs. Hackit would say; "an' I'm fool enough to give 'em her, though Sally wants 'em all the while to sweep the floors with!"

Such was Dame Fripp, whom Mr. Gilfil, riding leisurely in top-boots and spurs from doing duty at Knebley one warm Sunday afternoon, observed sitting in the dry ditch near her cottage, and by her side a large pig, who with that ease and confidence belonging to perfect friendship, was lying with his head in her lap, and making no effort to play the agreeable beyond an occasional grunt.

"Why, Mistress Fripp," said the Vicar, "I didn't know you had such a fine pig. You'll have some rare fitches at Christmas!"

"Eh, God forbid! My son gev him me two 'ear ago, an' he's been company to me iver sin'. I couldn't find i' my heart to part wi'm, if I niver knowed the taste o' bacon-fat again."

"Why, he'll eat his head off, and yours

too. How can you go on keeping a pig, and making nothing by him?"

"O, he picks a bit hisself wi' routin', and I dooant mind doin' wi'out to gie him summat. A bit o' coompany's meat an' drink too, an' he follers me about an' grunts when I spake to'm, just like a Christian."

Mr. Gilfil laughed, and I am obliged to admit that he said good-by to Dame Fripp, without asking her why she had not been to church, or making the slightest effort for her spiritual edification. But the next day he ordered his man David to take her a great piece of bacon, with a message, saying, the parson wanted to make sure that Mrs. Fripp would know the taste of bacon-fat again. So, when Mr. Gilfil died, Dame Fripp manifested her gratitude and reverence in the simple dingy fashion I have mentioned.

You already suspect that the Vicar did not shine in the more spiritual functions of his office; and indeed, the utmost I can say for him in this respect is, that he performed those functions with undeviating attention to brevity and dispatch. He had a large heap of short sermons, rather yellow and worn at the edges, from which he took two every Sunday, securing perfect impartiality in the selection by taking them as they came without reference to topics; and having preached one of these sermons at Shepperton in the morning, he mounted his horse and rode hastily with the other in his pocket to Knebley, where he officiated in a wonderful little church, with a checkered pavement which had once rung to the iron tread of military monks, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area, and the twelve apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls. Here, in an absence of mind to which he was prone, Mr. Gilfil would sometimes forget to take off his spurs before putting on his surplice, and only become aware of the omission by feeling something mysteriously tugging at the skirts of that garment as he stepped into the reading-desk. But the Knebley farmers would as soon thought of criticizing the moon as their pastor. He belonged to the course of nature, like markets and toll-gates and dirty bank-notes; and being a vicar, his claim on their veneration had never been counteracted by an exasperat-

ing claim on their pockets. Some of them, who did not indulge in the superfluity of a covered cart without springs, had dined half an hour earlier than usual—that is to say, at twelve o'clock—in order to have time for their long walk through miry lanes, and present themselves duly in their places at two o'clock, when Mr. Oldinport and Lady Felicia, to whom Knebley Church was a sort of family temple, made their way among the bows and curtesies of their dependants to a carved and canopied pew in the chancel, diffusing as they went a delicate odor of Indian roses on the unsusceptible nostrils of the congregation.

The farmers' wives and children sate on the dark oaken benches, but the husbands usually chose the distinctive dignity of a stall under one of the twelve apostles, where, when the alternation of prayers and responses had given place to the agreeable monotony of the sermon, Pater-familias might be seen or heard sinking into a pleasant doze, from which he infallibly woke up at the sound of the concluding doxology. And then they made their way back again through the miry lanes, perhaps almost as much the better for this simple weekly tribute to what they knew of good and right, as many a more wakeful and critical congregation of the present day.

Mr. Gilfil, too, used to make his way home in the later years of his life, for he had given up the habit of dining at Knebely Abbey on a Sunday, having, I am sorry to say, had a very bitter quarrel with Mr. Oldinport, the cousin and predecessor of the Mr. Oldinport who flourished in the Rev. Amos Barton's time. That quarrel was a sad pity, for the two had had many a good day's hunting together when they were younger, and in those friendly times not a few members of the hunt envied Mr. Oldinport the excellent terms he was on with his vicar; for, as Sir Jasper Sitwell observed, "next to a man's wife, there's nobody can be such an infernal plague to you as a parson, always under your nose on your own estate."

I fancy the original difference which led to the rupture was very slight; but Mr. Gilfil was of an extremely caustic turn, his satire having a flavor of originality which was quite wanting in his sermons; and as Mr. Oldinport's armor of conscious virtue presented some considerable and conspicuous

gaps, the Vicar's keen-edged retorts probably made a few incisions too deep to be forgiven. Such, at least, was the view of the case presented by Mr. Hackit, who knew as much of the matter as any third person. For, the very week after the quarrel, when presiding at the annual dinner of the Association for the Prosecution of Felons, held at the Oldinport Arms, he contributed an additional zest to the conviviality on that occasion by informing the company that "the parson had given the squire a lick with the rough side of his tongue." The detection of the person or persons who had driven off Mr. Parrot's heifer, could hardly have been more welcome news to the Shepperton tenantry, with whom Mr. Oldinport was in the worst odor as a landlord, having kept up his rents in spite of falling prices, and not being in the least stung to emulation by paragraphs in the provincial newspapers, stating that the Honorable Augustus Purwell, or Viscount Blethers, had made a return of ten per cent on their last rent-day. The fact was, Mr. Oldinport had not the slightest intention of standing for Parliament, whereas he had the strongest intention of adding to his unentailed estate. Hence, to the Shepperton farmers it was as good as lemon with their grog to know that the Vicar had thrown out sarcasms against the squire's charities, as little better than those of the man who stole the goose, and gave away the gibelets in alms. For Shepperton, you observe, was in a state of Attic culture compared with Knebley; it had turnpike-roads and a public opinion, whereas, in the Boeotian Knebley, men's minds and wagons alike moved in the deepest of ruts, and the landlord was only grumbled at as a necessary and unalterable evil, like the weather, the weevils, and the turnip-fly.

Thus, in Shepperton, this breach with Mr. Oldinport tended only to heighten that good understanding which the Vicar had always enjoyed with the rest of his parishioners, from the generation whose children he had christened a quarter of a century before, down to that hopeful generation represented by little Tommy Bond, who had recently quitted frocks and trousers for the severe simplicity of a tight suit of corduroys, relieved by numerous brass buttons. Tommy was a saucy boy, impervious to all impressions of reverence, and excessively addicted

to humming-tops and marbles, with which recreative resources he was in the habit of immoderately distending the pockets of his corduroys. One day, spinning his top on the garden-walk, and seeing the Vicar advance directly towards it, at that exciting moment when it was beginning to "sleep" magnificently, he shouted out with all the force of his lungs, "Stop! don't knock my top down, now!" From that day "little corduroys" had been an especial favorite with Mr. Gilfil, who delighted to provoke his ready scorn and wonder, by putting questions which gave Tommy the meanest opinion of his intellect.

"Well, little Corduroys, have they milked the geese to-day?"

"Milked the geese! why, they don't milk the geese; yer silly!"

"No! dear heart! why, how do the goslings live, then?"

The nutriment of goslings rather transcending Tommy's observations in natural history, he feigned to understand this question in an exclamatory rather than an interrogatory sense, and became absorbed in winding up his top.

"Ah, I see you don't know how the goslings live! But did you notice how it rained sugar-plums yesterday?" (Here Tommy became attentive.) "Why, they fell into my pocket as I rode along. You look in my pocket, and see if they didn't."

Tommy, without waiting to discuss the alleged antecedent, lost no time in ascertaining the presence of the agreeable consequent, for he had a well-founded belief in the advantages of diving into the Vicar's pocket. Mr. Gilfil called it his wonderful pocket, because, as he delighted to tell the "young shavers" and "two-shoes"—so he called all little boys and girls—whenever he put pennies into it, they turned into sugar-plums or gingerbread, or some other nice thing. Indeed, little Bessie Parrot, a flaxen-headed "two-shoes," very white and fat as to her neck, always had the admirable directness and sincerity to salute him with the question, "What zoo dot in zoo pottet?"

You can imagine, then, that the christening dinners were none the less merry for the presence of the parson. The farmers relished his society particularly, for he could not only smoke his pipe, and season the details of parish affairs with abundance of caus-

tic jokes and proverbs, but, as Mr. Bond often said, no man knew more than the Vicar about the breed of cows and horses. He had a grazing-land of his own about five miles off, which a bailiff, ostensibly a tenant, farmed under his direction; and to ride backwards and forwards, and look after the buying and selling of stock, was the old gentleman's chief relaxation, now his hunting days were over. To hear him discussing the respective merits of the Devonshire breed and the short-horns, or the last foolish decision of the magistrates about a pauper, a superficial observer might have seen little difference, beyond his superior shrewdness, between the Vicar and his bucolic parishioners; for it was his habit to approximate his accent and mode of speech to theirs, doubtless because he thought it a mere frustration of the purposes of language to talk of "shear-hogs" and "ewes" to men who habitually said "sharrags" and "yowes." Nevertheless the farmers themselves were perfectly aware of the distinction between them and the parson, and had not at all the less belief in him as a gentleman and a clergyman for his easy speech and familiar manners. Mrs. Parrot smoothed her apron and set her cap right with the utmost solicitude when she saw the Vicar coming, made him her deepest curtsy, and every Christmas had a fat turkey ready to send him with her "duty." And in the most gossiping colloquies with Mr. Gilfil, you might have observed that both men and women "minded their words," and never became indifferent to his approbation.

The same respect attended him in his strictly clerical functions. The benefits of baptism were supposed to be somehow bound up with Mr. Gilfil's personality, so metaphysical a distinction as that between a man and his office being, as yet, quite foreign to the mind of a good Shepperton churchman, savoring, he would have thought, of dissent on the very face of it. Miss Selina Parrot put off her marriage a whole month when Mr. Gilfil had an attack of rheumatism, rather than be married in a makeshift manner by the Milby curate.

"We've had a very good sermon this morning," was the frequent remark, after hearing one of the old yellow series, heard with all the more satisfaction because it had been heard for the twentieth time; for to

minds on the Shepperton level it is repetition, not novelty, that produces the strongest effect; and phrases, like tunes, are a long time making themselves at home in the brain.

Mr. Gilfil's sermons, as you may imagine, were not of a highly doctrinal, still less of a polemical, cast. They perhaps did not search the conscience very powerfully; for you remember that to Mrs. Patten, who had listened to them thirty years, the announcement that she was a sinner appeared an uncivil heresy; but, on the other hand, they made no unreasonable demand on the Shepperton intellect—amounting, indeed, to little more than an expansion of the concise thesis, that those who do wrong will find it the worse for them, and those who do well will find it the better for them; the nature of wrong-doing being exposed in special sermons against lying, backbiting, anger, slothfulness, and the like; and well-doing being interpreted as honesty, truthfulness, charity, industry, and other common virtues, lying quite on the surface of life, and having very little to do with deep spiritual doctrine. Mrs. Patten understood that, if she turned out ill-crushed cheeses, a just retribution awaited her; though, I fear, she made no particular application of the sermon on backbiting. Mrs. Hackit expressed herself greatly edified by the sermon on honesty, the allusion to the unjust weight and deceitful balance having a peculiar lucidity for her, owing to a recent dispute with her grocer; but I am not aware that she ever appeared to be much struck by the sermon on anger.

As to any suspicion that Mr. Gilfil did not dispense the pure Gospel, or any strictures on his doctrine and mode of delivery, such thoughts never visited the minds of the Shepperton parishioners—of those very few parishioners who, ten or fifteen years later, showed themselves extremely critical of Mr. Barton's discourses and demeanor. But in the interim they had tasted that dangerous fruit of the tree of knowledge—innovation, which is well known to open the eyes, often in an uncomfortable manner. At present, to find fault with the sermon was regarded as almost equivalent to finding fault with religion itself. One Sunday, Mr. Hackit's nephew, Master Tom Stokes, a flippant town youth, greatly scandalized his excellent relatives by declaring that he could write as



good a sermon as Mr. Gilfil's; whereupon Mr. Hackit sought to reduce the presumptuous youth to utter confusion, by offering him a sovereign if he would fulfil his vaunt. The sermon was written, however; and though it was not admitted to be anywhere within reach of Mr. Gilfil's, it was yet so astonishingly like a sermon, having a text, three divisions, and a concluding exhortation beginning "and now, my brethren," that the sovereign, though denied formally, was bestowed informally, and the sermon was pronounced, when Mr. Stokes' back was turned, to be "an uncommonly clever thing."

The Rev. Mr. Pickard, indeed, of the Independent Meeting, had stated in a sermon preached at Rotherby, for the reduction of a debt on New Zion, built, with an exuberance of faith and a deficiency of funds, by seceders from the original Zion, that he lived in a parish where the Vicar was very "dark;" and in the prayers he addressed to his own congregation, he was in the habit of comprehensively alluding to the parishioners outside the chapel walls, as those who, "Gallio-like, cared for none of these things." But I need hardly say that no church-goer ever came within earshot of Mr. Pickard.

It was not to the Shepperton farmers only that Mr. Gilfil's society was acceptable; he was a welcome guest at some of the best houses in that part of the country. Old Sir Jasper Sitwell would have been glad to see him every week; and if you had seen him conducting Lady Sitwell in to dinner, or had heard him talking to her with quaint yet graceful gallantry, you would have inferred that the earlier period of his life had been passed in more stately society than could be found in Shepperton, and that his slipshod chat and homely manners were but like weather-stains on a fine old block of marble, allowing you still to see here and there the fineness of the grain, and the delicacy of the original tint. But in his later years these visits became a little too troublesome to the old gentleman, and he was rarely to be found anywhere of an evening beyond the bounds of his own parish—most frequently, indeed, by the side of his own sitting-room fire, smoking his pipe, and maintaining the pleasing antithesis of dryness and moisture by an occasional sip of gin-and-water.

Here I am aware that I have run the risk

of alienating all my refined lady readers, and utterly annihilating any curiosity they may have felt to know the details of Mr. Gilfil's love-story. Gin-and-water! foh! you may as well ask us to interest ourselves in the romance of a tallow-chandler, who mingles the image of his beloved with short dips and moulds.

But in the first place, dear ladies, allow me to plead that gin-and-water, like obesity, or baldness, or the gout, does not exclude a vast amount of antecedent romance, any more than the neatly executed "fronts" which you may some day wear, will exclude your present possession of less expensive braids. Alas, alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes—there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but wherever we see wood-ashes, we know that all that early fulness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see, also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden-scenes and fair perspectives, overturned and thrust out of sight.

In the second place, let me assure you that Mr. Gilfil's potations of gin-and-water were quite moderate. His nose was not rubicund: on the contrary, his white hair hung around a pale and venerable face. He drank it chiefly, I believe, because it was cheap; and here I find myself alighting on another of the Vicar's weaknesses, which, if I cared to paint a flattering portrait rather than a faithful one, I might have chosen to suppress. It is undeniable that, as the years advanced, Mr. Gilfil became, as Mr. Hackit observed, more and more "close-fisted," though the growing propensity showed itself rather in the parsimony of his personal habits, than in withholding help from the needy. He was saving—so he represented the matter to himself—for a nephew, the only son of a sister who had been the dearest object, all but one, in his life. "The lad," he thought, "will have a nice little fortune to begin life with, and will

bring his pretty young wife some day to see the spot where his old uncle lies. It will perhaps be all the better for his hearth that mine was lonely."

Mr. Gilfil was a bachelor, then !

That is the conclusion to which you would probably have come if you had entered his sitting-room, where the bare tables, the large, old-fashioned, horse-hair chairs, and the threadbare Turkey carpet, perpetually fumigated with tobacco, seemed to tell a story of wifeless existence that was contradicted by no portrait, no piece of embroidery, no faded bit of pretty triviality, hinting of taper fingers and small feminine ambitions. And it was here that Mr. Gilfil passed his evenings, seldom with other society than that of Ponto, his old brown setter, who, stretched out at full length on the rug with his nose between his fore-paws, would wrinkle his brows and lift up his eyelids every now and then, to exchange a glance of mutual understanding with his master. But there was a chamber in Shepperton Vicarage which told a different story from that bare and cheerless dining-room—a chamber never entered by any one besides Mr. Gilfil and old Martha the house-keeper, who, with David her husband as groom and gardener, formed the Vicar's entire establishment. The blinds of this chamber were always down, except once a-quarter, when Martha entered that she might air and clean it. She always asked Mr. Gilfil for the key, which he kept locked up in his bureau, and returned it to him when she had finished her task.

It was a touching sight that the daylight streamed in upon, as Martha drew aside the blinds and thick curtains, and opened the Gothic casement of the oriel window ! On the little dressing-table there was a dainty looking-glass in a carved and gilt frame ; bits of wax-candle were still in the branched sockets at the sides, and on one of these branches hung a little black lace kerchief ; a faded satin pin-cushion, with the pins rusted in it, a scent bottle, and a large green fan, lay on the table ; and on a dressing-box by the side of the glass was a work-basket, and an unfinished baby-cap, yellow with age, lying in it. Two gowns, of a fashion long forgotten, were hanging on nails against the door, and a pair of tiny red slippers, with a bit of tarnished silver embroidery on them, were standing at the foot of the bed. Two

or three water-color drawings, views of Naples, hung upon the walls ; and over the mantel-piece, above some bits of rare old china, two miniatures in oval frames. One of these miniatures represented a young man about seven-and-twenty, with a sanguine complexion, full lips, and clear candid gray eyes. The other was the likeness of a girl, probably not more than eighteen, with small features, thin cheeks, a pale southern-looking complexion, and large dark eyes. The gentleman wore powder ; the lady had her dark hair gathered away from her face, and a little cap, with a cherry-colored bow, set on the top of her head—a coquettish head-dress, but the eyes spoke of sadness rather than of coquetry.

Such were the things that Martha had dusted and let the air upon, four times a-year, ever since she was a blooming lass of twenty ; and she was now, in this last decade of Mr. Gilfil's life, unquestionably on the wrong side of fifty. Such was the locked-up chamber in Mr. Gilfil's house : a sort of visible symbol of the secret chamber in his heart, where he had long turned the key on early hopes and early sorrows, shutting up for ever all the passion and the poetry of his life.

There were not many people in the parish, besides Martha, who had any very distinct remembrance of Mr. Gilfil's wife, or indeed who knew any thing of her, beyond the fact that there was a marble tablet, with a Latin inscription in memory of her, over the vicarage pew. The parishioners who were old enough to remember her arrival were not generally gifted with descriptive powers, and the utmost you could gather from them was, that Mrs. Gilfil looked like a "furriner, wi' such eyes, you can't think, an' a voice as went through you when she sung at church." The one exception was Mrs. Patten, whose strong memory and taste for personal narrative made her a great source of oral tradition in Shepperton. Mr. Hackit, who had not come into the parish until ten years after Mrs. Gilfil's death, would often put old questions to Mrs. Patten for the sake of getting the old answers, which pleased him in the same way as passages from a favorite book, or the scenes of a familiar play, please more accomplished people.

"Ah, you remember well the Sunday as Mrs. Gilfil first come to church, eh, Mrs. Patten ?"

"To be sure I do. It was a fine bright Sunday as ever was seen, just at the beginnin' o' hay harvest. Mr. Tarbett preached that day, and Mr. Gilfil sat i' the pew wi' his wife. I think I see him now, a-leadin' her up th' aisle, an' her head not reachin' much above his elber: a little pale woman, wi' eyes as black as sloes, an' yet lookin' blank-like, as if she see'd nothin' wi' em."

"I warrant she had her weddin' clothes on?" said Mr. Hackit.

"Nothin' partickler smart—on'y a white hat tied down under her chin, an' a white Indy muslin gown. But you don't know what Mr. Gilfil was in those times. He was fine an' altered afore you come into the parish. He'd a fresh color then, an' a bright look wi' his eyes, as did your heart good to see. He looked rare an' happy that Sunday, but somehow, I'd a feelin' as it wouldn't last long. I've no opinion o' furriners, Mr. Hackit, for I've travelled i' their country wi' my lady in my time, an' seen anuff o' their victuals an' their nasty ways."

"Mrs. Gilfil come from It'y, didn't she?"

"I reckon she did, but I niver could rightly hear about that. Mr. Gilfil was niver to be spoke to about her, and nobody else hereabout knowed any thin'. However, she must ha' come over pretty young, for she spoke English as well as you an' me. It's them Italians as has such fine voices, an' Mrs. Gilfil sung, you never heard the like. He brought her here to have tea wi' me one afternoon, and says he, in his jovial way, 'Now, Mrs. Patten, I want Mrs. Gilfil to see the neatest house, and drink the best cup o' tea, in all Shepperton; you must show her your dairy and your cheese-room, and then she shall sing you a song.' An' so she did; an' her voice seemed sometimes to fill the room; an' then it went low an' soft, as if it was whisperin' close to your heart like."

"You never heard her again, I reckon?"

"No; she was sickly then, an' she died in a few months after. She wasn't in the parish much more nor half a year altogether. She didn't seem lively that afternoon, an' I could see she didn't care about the dairy, nor the cheeses, on'y she pretended, to please him. As for him, I niver see'd a man so wrapt up in a woman. He looked at her as if he was worshipping her, an' as if he wanted to lift her off the ground ivery

minute, to save her the trouble o' walkin'. Poor man, poor man! It had like to ha' killed him when she died, though he niver gev way, but went on ridin' about and preachin'. But he was wore to a shadder, an' his eyes used to look as dead—you wouldn't ha' knowed 'em."

"She brought him no fortin'?"

"Not she. All Mr. Gilfil's property come by his mother's side. There was blood an' money too, there. It's a thousand pities as he married a' that way—a fine man like him, as might ha' had the pick o' the county, an' had his grandchildren about him now. An' him so fond o' children, too."

In this manner Mrs. Patten usually wound up her reminiscences of the Vicar's wife, of whom, you perceive, she knew but little. It was clear that the communicative old lady had nothing to tell of Mr. Gilfil's history previous to her arrival in Shepperton, and that she was unacquainted with Mr. Gilfil's love-story.

But I, dear reader, am quite as communicative as Mrs. Patten, and much better informed; so that, if you care to know more about the Vicar's courtship and marriage, you need only carry your imagination back to the latter end of the last century, and your attention forward into the next chapter.

#### CHAPTER II.

It is the evening of the 21st of June, 1788. The day has been bright and sultry, and the sun will still be more than an hour above the horizon, but his rays, broken by the leafy fret-work of the elms that border the park, no longer prevent two ladies from carrying out their cushions and embroidery, and seating themselves to work on the lawn in front of Cheverel Manor. The soft turf gives way even under the fairy tread of the younger lady, whose small stature and slim figure rest on the tiniest of full-grown feet. She trips along before the elder, carrying the cushions, which she places in the favorite spot, just on the slope by a clump of laurels, where they can see the sunbeams sparkling among the water-lilies, and can be themselves seen from the dining-room windows. She has deposited the cushions, and now turns round, so that you may have a full view of her as she stands waiting the slower advance of the elder lady. You are at once arrested by her large dark eyes, which, in their in-

expressive unconscious beauty, resemble the eyes of a fawn; and it is only by an effort of attention that you notice the absence of bloom on her young cheek, and the southern yellowish tint of her small neck and face, rising above the little black lace kerchief which prevents the too immediate comparison of her skin with her white muslin gown. Her large eyes seem all the more striking because the dark hair is gathered away from her face, under a little cap set at the top of her head, with a cherry-colored bow on one side.

The elder lady, who is advancing towards the cushions, is cast in a very different mould of womanhood. She is tall, and looks the taller because her powdered hair is turned backward over a toupee, and surmounted by lace and ribbons. She is nearly fifty, but her complexion is still fresh and beautiful, with the beauty of an auburn blond; her proud pouting lips, and her head thrown a little backward as she walks, give an expression of hauteur which is not contradicted by the cold gray eye. The tucked-in kerchief, rising full over the low tight bodice of her blue dress, sets off the majestic form of her bust, and she treads the lawn as if she were one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's stately ladies, who had suddenly stepped from her frame to enjoy the evening cool.

"Put the cushions lower, Caterina, that we may not have so much sun upon us," she called out, in a tone of authority, when still at some distance.

Caterina obeyed, and they sat down, making two bright patches of red and white and blue on the green background of the laurels and the lawn, which would look none the less pretty in a picture because one of the women's hearts was rather cold and the other rather sad.

And a charming picture Cheverel Manor would have made that evening, if some English Watteau had been there to paint it: the castellated house of gray-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking, with its dark flattened boughs, the too formal symmetry of the front; the broad gravel-walk winding on the right, by a row of tall pines, towards the pool—on the left branching out among swelling grassy

mounds, surmounted by clumps of trees, where the red trunk of the Scotch fir glows in the descending sunlight against the bright green of limes and acacias; the great pool, where a pair of swans are swimming lazily with one leg tucked under a wing, and where the open water-lilies lie calmly accepting the kisses of the fluttering light-sparkles; the lawn, with its smooth emerald greenness, eloping down to the rougher and browner herbage of the park, from which it is invisibly fenced by a little stream that winds away from the pool, and disappears under a wooden bridge in the distant pleasure-ground; and on this lawn our two ladies, whose part in the landscape the painter, standing at a favorable point of view in the park, would represent with a few little dabs of red and white and blue.

Seen from the great Gothic windows of the dining-room, they had much more definiteness of outline, and were distinctly visible to the three gentlemen sipping their claret there, as two fair women, in whom all three had a personal interest. These gentlemen were a group worth considering attentively; but any one entering that dining-room for the first time, would perhaps have had his attention even more strongly arrested by the room itself, which was so bare of furniture that it impressed one with its architectural beauty like a cathedral. A piece of matting stretched from door to door, a bit of worn carpet under the dining-table, and a side-board in a deep recess, did not detain the eye for a moment from the lofty groined ceiling, with its richly-carved pendants, all of creamy white, relieved here and there by touches of gold. On one side, this lofty ceiling was supported by pillars and arches, beyond which a lower ceiling, a miniature copy of the higher one, covered the square projection which, with its three large pointed windows, formed the central feature of the building. The room looked less like a place to dine in than a piece of space inclosed simply for the sake of beautiful outline; and the small dining-table, with the party round it, seemed an odd and insignificant accident, rather than any thing connected with the original purpose of the apartment.

But, examined closely, that group was far from insignificant; for the eldest, who was reading in the newspaper the last portentous proceedings of the French Parliaments, and



turning with occasional comments to his young companions, was as fine a specimen of the old English gentleman as could well have been found in those venerable days of cocked-hats and pigtails. His dark eyes sparkled under projecting brows, made more prominent by bushy grizzled eyebrows; but any apprehension of severity excited by these penetrating eyes, and by a somewhat aquiline nose, was allayed by the good-natured lines about the mouth, which retained all its teeth and its vigor of expression in spite of sixty winters. The forehead sloped a little from the projecting brows, and its peaked outline was made conspicuous by the arrangement of the profusely-powdered hair, drawn backward and gathered into a pigtail. He sat in a small hard chair, which did not admit the slightest approach to a lounge, and which showed to advantage the flatness of his back and the breadth of his chest. In fact, Sir Christopher Cheverel was a splendid old gentleman, as any one may see who enters the saloon at Cheverel Manor, where his full-length portrait, taken when he was fifty, hangs side by side with that of his wife, the stately lady seated on the lawn.

Looking at Sir Christopher, you would at once have been inclined to hope that he had a full-grown son and heir; but perhaps you would have wished that it might not prove to be the young man on his right hand, in whom a certain resemblance to the baronet, in the contour of the nose and brow, seemed to indicate a family relationship. If this young man had been less elegant in his person, he would have been remarked for the elegance of his dress. But the perfections of his slim, well-proportioned figure were so striking that no one but a tailor could notice the perfections of his velvet coat; and his small white hands, with their blue veins and taper fingers, quite eclipsed the beauty of his lace ruffles. The face, however—it was difficult to say why—was certainly not pleasing. Nothing could be more delicate than the blond complexion—its bloom set off by the powdered hair—than the veined overhanging eyelids, which gave an indolent expression to the hazel eyes; nothing more finely cut than the transparent nostril and the short upper-lip. Perhaps the chin and lower jaw were too small for an irreproachable profile, but the defect was on the side of that delicacy and *finesse* which was the distinctive characteris-

tic of the whole person, and which was carried out in the clear brown arch of the eyebrows, and the marble smoothness of the sloping forehead. Impossible to say that this face was not eminently handsome; yet, for the majority both of men and women, it was destitute of charm. Women disliked eyes that seemed to be indolently accepting admiration instead of rendering it; and men, especially if they had a tendency to clumsiness in the nose and ankles, were inclined to think this Antinous in a pigtail a "confounded puppy." I fancy that was frequently the inward interjection of the Rev. Maynard Gilfil, who was seated on the opposite side of the dining-table, though Mr. Gilfil's legs and profile were not at all of a kind to make him peculiarly alive to the impertinence and frivolity of personal advantages. His healthy open face and robust limbs were after an excellent pattern for every-day wear, and in the opinion of Mr. Bates, the north-country gardener, would have become regimentals a "a fain saight" better than the "peaky" features and slight form of Captain Wybrow, notwithstanding that this young gentleman, as Sir Christopher's nephew and destined heir, had the strongest hereditary claim on the gardener's respect, and was undeniably "clean-limbed." But alas! human longings are perversely obstinate; and to the man whose mouth is watering for a peach, it is of no use to offer the largest vegetable marrow. Mr. Gilfil was not sensitive to Mr. Bates' opinion, whereas he was sensitive to the opinion of another person, who by no means shared Mr. Bates' preference.

Who the other person was it would not have required a very keen observer to guess, from a certain eagerness in Mr. Gilfil's glance as that little figure in white tripped along the lawn with the cushions. Captain Wybrow, too, was looking in the same direction, but his handsome face remained handsome—and nothing more.

"Ah," said Sir Christopher, looking up from his paper, "there's my lady. Ring for coffee, Anthony; we'll go and join her, and the little monkey Catina shall give us a song."

The coffee presently appeared, brought not as usual by the footman, in scarlet and drab, but by the old butler in threadbare but well-brushed black, who, as he was placing it on the table, said—

"If you please, Sir Christopher, there's the widow Hartopp a-crying i' the still-room, and begs leave to see your honor."

"I have given Markham full orders about the widow Hartopp," said Sir Christopher, in a sharp decided tone. "I have nothing to say to her."

"Your honor," pleaded the butler, rubbing his hands, and putting on an additional coating of humility, "the poor woman's dreadful overcome, and says she can't sleep a wink this blessed night without seeing your honor, and she begs you to pardon the great freedom she's took to come at this time. She cries fit to break her heart."

"Ay, ay; water pays no tax. Well, show her into the library."

Coffee dispatched, the two young men walked out through the open window, and joined the ladies on the lawn, while Sir Christopher made his way to the library, solemnly followed by Rupert, his pet blood-hound, who, in his habitual place at the baronet's right hand, behaved with great urbanity during dinner; but when the cloth was drawn, invariably disappeared under the table, apparently regarding the claret-jug as a mere human weakness, which he winked at, but refused to sanction.

The library lay but three steps from the dining-room, on the other side of a cloistered and matted passage. The oriel window was overshadowed by the great beech, and this, with the flat, heavily-carved ceiling and the dark hue of the old books that lined the walls, made the room look sombre, especially on entering it from the dining-room, with its aerial curves and cream-colored fretwork touched with gold. As Sir Christopher opened the door, a jet of brighter light fell on a woman in a widow's dress, who stood in the middle of the room, and made the deepest of curtsies as he entered. She was a buxom woman approaching forty, her eyes red with the tears which had evidently been absorbed by the handkerchief gathered into a damp ball in her right hand.

"Now, Mrs. Hartopp," said Sir Christopher, taking out his gold snuff-box and tapping the lid, "what have you to say to me? Markham has delivered you a notice to quit, I suppose?"

"O yis, your honor, an' that's the reason why I've come. I hope your honor'll think better on it, an' not turn me an' my poor

children out o' the farm, where my husband al'ys paid his rent as reglar as the day come."

"Nonsense! I should like to know what good it will do you and your children to stay on a farm and lose every farthing your husband has left you, instead of selling your stock and going into some little place, where you can keep your money together. It is very well known to every tenant of mine that I never allow widows to stay on their husband's farms."

"O, Sir Christifer, if you *would* consider—when I've sold the hay, an' corn, an' all the live things, an' paid the debts, an' put the money out to use, I shall have hardly anuff to keep wer souls an' bodies together. An' how can I rear my boys and put 'em 'prentice? They must goo for dey-laborers, an' their father a man wi' as good belongings as any on your honor's estate, an' niver threshed his wheat afore it was well i' the rick, nor sold the straw off his farm, nor nothin'. Ask all the farmers round if there was a stiddier, soberer man than my husband as attended Ripstone Market. An' he says, 'Bessie,' says he—they was his last words—'you'll mek a shift to manage the farm, if Sir Christifer 'ull let you stay on.'"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Sir Christopher, Mrs. Hartopp's sobs having interrupted her pleadings, "now listen to me, and try to understand a little common-sense. You are about as able to manage a farm as your best milch cow. You'll be obliged to have some managing man, who will either cheat you out of your money, or wheedle you into marrying him."

"O your honor, I was niver that sort o' woman, an' nobody has known it on me."

"Very likely not, because you were never a widow before. A woman's always silly enough, but she's never quite as great a fool as she can be until she puts on a widow's cap. Now, just ask yourself how much the better you will be for staying on your farm, at the end of four years, when you've got through your money, and let your farm run down, and are in arrears for half your rent; or, perhaps, have got some great hulky fellow for a husband, who swears at you and kicks your children."

"Indeed, Sir Christifer, I know a deal o' farming, an' was brought up i' the thick on it, as you may say. An' there was my hus-

band's great-aunt managed a farm for twenty year, an' left legacies to all her nephys an' nieces, an' even to my husband, as was then a babe unborn."

"Psha! a woman six feet high, with a squint and sharp elbows, I dare say—a man in petticoats. Not a rosy-cheeked widow like you, Mrs. Hartopp."

"Indeed, your honor, I never heard on her squintin', an' they said as she might ha' been married o'er an' o'er again, to people as had no call to hanker after her money."

"Ay, ay, that's what you all think. Every man that looks at you wants to marry you, and would like you the better the more children you have and the less money. But it is useless to talk and cry. I have good reasons for my plans, and never alter them. What you have to do is to make the best of your stock, and to look out for some little place to go to, when you leave The Hollows. Now go back to Mrs. Bellamy's room, and ask her to give you a dish of tea."

Mrs. Hartopp, understanding from Sir Christopher's tone that he was not to be shaken, curtsied low and left the library, while the baronet, seating himself at his desk in the oriel window, wrote the following letter:

"MR. MARKHAM,—Take no steps about letting Crowsfoot Cottage, as I intend to put in widow Hartopp when she leaves her farm; and if you will be here at eleven on Saturday morning, I will ride round with you, and settle about making some repairs, and see about adding a bit of land to the take, as she will want to keep a cow and some pigs.—Yours faithfully,

"CHRISTOPHER CHEVEREL."

After ringing the bell and ordering this letter to be sent, Sir Christopher walked out to join the party on the lawn. But finding the cushions deserted, he walked on to the eastern front of the building, where, by the side of the grand entrance, was the large bow-window of the saloon, opening on to the gravel-sweep, and looking towards a long vista of undulating turf, bordered by tall trees, which, seeming to unite itself with the green of the meadows and a grassy road through a plantation, only terminated with the Gothic arch of a gateway in the far distance. The bow-window was open, and Sir Christopher, stepping in, found the group he sought, examining the progress of the unfinished ceiling. It was in the same style

of florid pointed Gothic as the dining-room, but more elaborate in its tracery, which was like petrified lacework picked out with delicate and varied coloring. About a fourth of it still remained uncolored, and under this part were scaffolding, ladders, and tools; otherwise the spacious saloon was empty of furniture, and seemed to be a grand Gothic canopy for the group of five human figures standing in the centre.

"Francesco has been getting on a little better the last day or two," said Sir Christopher, as he joined the party: "he's a sad lazy dog, and I fancy he has a knack of sleeping as he stands, with his brushes in his hands. But I must spur him on, or we may not have the scaffolding cleared away before the bride comes, if you show dexterous generalship in your wooing, eh, Anthony? and take your Magdeburg quickly."

"Ah, sir, a siege is known to be one of the most tedious operations in war," said Captain Wybrow, with an easy smile.

"Not when there's a traitor within the walls in the shape of a soft heart. And that there will be, if Beatrice has her mother's tenderness as well as her mother's beauty."

"What do you think, Sir Christopher," said Lady Cheverel, who seemed to wince a little under her husband's reminiscences, "of hanging Guercino's 'Sybil' over that door when we put up the pictures? It is rather lost in my sitting-room."

"Very good, my love," answered Sir Christopher, in a tone of punctiliously polite affection; "if you like to part with the ornament from your own room, it will show admirably here. Our portraits, by Sir Joshua, will hang opposite the window, and the 'Transfiguration' at that end. You see, Anthony, I am leaving no good places on the walls for you and your wife. We shall turn you with your faces to the wall in the gallery, and you may take your revenge on us by-and-by."

While this conversation was going on, Mr. Gilfil turned to Caterina and said:

"I like the view from this window better than any other in the house."

She made no answer, and he saw that her eyes were filling with tears; so he added, "Suppose we walk out a little; Sir Christopher and my lady seem to be occupied."

Caterina complied silently, and they turned down one of the gravel-walks that led, after

many windings under tall trees and among grassy openings, to a large inclosed flower-garden. Their walk was perfectly silent, for Maynard Gilfil knew that Caterina's thoughts were not with him, and she had been long used to make him endure the weight of those moods which she carefully hid from others.

They reached the flower-garden, and turned mechanically in at the gate that opened, through a high thick hedge, on an expanse of brilliant color, which, after the green shades they had passed through, startled the eye like flames. The effect was assisted by an undulation of the ground, which gradually descended from the entrance-gate, and then rose again towards the opposite end, crowned by an orangery. The flowers were glowing with their evening splendors; verbenas and heliotropes were sending up their finest incense. It seemed a gala where all was happiness and brilliancy, and misery could find no sympathy. This was the effect it had on Caterina. As she wound among the beds of gold and blue and pink, where the flowers seemed to be looking at her with wondering elf-like eyes, knowing nothing of sorrow, the feeling of isolation in her wretchedness overcame her, and the tears, which had been before trickling slowly down her pale cheeks, now gushed forth accompanied with sobs. And yet there was a loving human being close beside her, whose heart was aching for hers, who was possessed by the feeling that she was miserable, and that he was helpless to soothe her. But she was too much irritated by the idea that his wishes were different from hers, that he rather regretted the folly of her hopes than the probability of their disappointment, to take any comfort in his sympathy. Caterina, like the rest of us, turned away from sympathy which she suspected to be mingled with criticism, as the child turns away from the sweetmeat in which it suspects imperceptible medicine.

"Dear Caterina, I think I hear voices," said Mr. Gilfil; "they may be coming this way."

She checked herself like one accustomed to conceal her emotions, and ran rapidly to the other end of the garden, where she seemed occupied in selecting a rose. Presently Lady Cheverel entered, leaning on the arm of Captain Wybrow, and followed by Sir Christopher. The party stopped to admire the tiers

of geraniums near the gate; and in the mean time Caterina tripped back with a moss rose-bud in her hand, and going up to Sir Christopher, said, "There, Padroncello—there is a nice rose for your button-hole."

"Ah, you black-eyed monkey," he said, fondly stroking her cheek; "so you have been running off with Maynard, either to torment or coax him an inch or two deeper in love. Come, come, I want you to sing us '*Ho perduto*' before we sit down to picquet. Anthony goes to-morrow, you know; you must warble him into the right sentimental lover's mood, that he may acquit himself well at Bath." He put her little arm under his, and calling to Lady Cheverel, "Come, Henrietta!" led the way towards the house.

The party entered the drawing-room, which, with its oriel window, corresponded to the library in the other wing, and had also a flat ceiling heavy with carving and blazonry; but, the window being unshaded and the walls hung with full-length portraits of knights and dames in scarlet, white, and gold, it had not the sombre effect of the library. Here hung the portrait of Sir Anthony Cheverel, who in the reign of Charles II. was the renovator of the family splendor, which had suffered some declension from the early brilliancy of that Chevreuil who came over with the Conqueror. A very imposing personage was this Sir Anthony, standing with one arm akimbo, and one fine leg and foot advanced, evidently with a view to the gratification of his contemporaries and posterity. You might have taken off his splendid peruke, and his scarlet cloak, which was thrown backward from his shoulders, without annihilating the dignity of his appearance. And he had known how to choose a wife, too, for his lady, hanging opposite to him, with her sunny brown hair drawn away in bands from her mild grave face, and falling in two large rich curls on her snowy gently-sloping neck, which shaded the harsher hue and outline of her white satin robe, was a fit mother of "large-acred" heirs.

In this room tea was served; and here, every evening, as regularly as the great clock in the court-yard with deliberate bass tones struck nine, Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel sat down to picquet until half-past ten, when Mr. Gilfil read prayers to the assembled household in the chapel.

But now it was not near nine, and Cate-



rina must sit down to the harpsichord and sing Sir Christopher's favorite airs from Gluck's *Orfeo*, an opera which, for the happiness of that generation, was then to be heard on the London stage. It happened this evening that the sentiment of these airs, "*Che farò senza Eurydice?*" and "*Ho perduto il bel semblante,*" in both of which Orpheus pours out his yearning after his lost love, came very close to Caterina's own feeling. But her emotion, instead of being a hindrance to her singing, gave her additional power. Her singing was what she could do best; it was her one point of superiority, in which it was probable she would excel the highborn beauty whom Anthony was to woo; and her love, her jealousy, her pride, her rebellion against her destiny, made one stream of passion which welled forth in the deep rich tones of her voice. She had a rare contralto, which Lady Cheverel, who had high musical taste, had been careful to preserve her from straining.

"Excellent, Caterina," said Lady Cheverel, as there was a pause after the wonderful linked sweetness of "*Che farò.*" "I never heard you sing that so well. Once more!"

It was repeated; and then came "*Ho perduto,*" which Sir Christopher encored, in spite of the clock striking nine. When the last note was dying out, he said:

"There's a clever black-eyed monkey. Now bring out the table for picquet."

Caterina drew out the table, and placed the cards; then, with her rapid fairy suddenness of motion, threw herself on her knees, and clasped Sir Christopher's knee. He bent down, stroked her cheek, and smiled.

"Caterina, that is foolish," said Lady Cheverel. "I wish you would leave off those stage-players' antics."

She jumped up, arranged her music on the harpsichord, and then, seeing the baronet and his lady seated at picquet, quietly glided out of the room.

Captain Wybrow had been leaning near the harpsichord during the singing, and the chaplain had thrown himself on a sofa at the end of the room. They both now took up a book. Mr. Gilfil chose the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; Captain Wybrow, stretched on an ottoman near the door, opened *Faust*; and there was perfect silence in the room which, ten minutes before,

was vibrating to the passionate tones of Caterina.

She had made her way along the cloistered passages, now lighted here and there by a small oil-lamp, to the grand staircase, which led directly to a gallery running along the whole eastern side of the building, where it was her habit to walk when she wished to be alone. The bright moonlight was streaming through the windows, throwing into strange light and shadow the heterogeneous objects that lined the long walls. Greek statues and busts of Roman emperors; low cabinets filled with curiosities, natural and antiquarian; tropical birds, and huge horns of beasts; Hindoo gods and strange shells; swords and daggers, and bits of chain armor; Roman lamps, and tiny models of Greek temples; and, above all these, queer old family portraits—of little boys and girls, once the hope of the Cheverels, with close shaven heads imprisoned in stiff ruffs—of faded, pink-faced ladies, with rudimentary features and highly-developed head-dresses—of gallant gentlemen, with high hips, high shoulders, and red pointed beards.

Here, on rainy days, Sir Christopher and his lady took their promenade, and here billiards were played; but, in the evening, it was forsaken by all except Caterina—and, sometimes, one other person.

She paced up and down in the moonlight, her pale face and thin white-robed form making her look like the ghost of some former Lady Cheverel come to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

By-and-by she paused opposite the broad window above the portico, and looked out on the long vista of turf and trees now stretching chill and saddened in the moonlight.

Suddenly a breath of warmth and roses seemed to float towards her, and an arm stole gently round her waist, while a soft hand took up her tiny fingers. Caterina felt an electric thrill, and was motionless for one long moment; then she pushed away the arm and hand, and, turning round, lifted up to the face that hung over her, eyes full of tenderness and reproach. The fawn-like unconsciousness was gone, and in that one look were the ground-tones of poor little Caterina's nature—intense love and fierce jealousy.

"Why do you push me away, Caterina?"

said Captain Wybrow in a half-whisper; "are you angry with me for what a hard fate puts upon me? Would you have me cross my uncle—who has done so much for us both—in his dearest wish? You know I have duties—we both have duties—before which feeling must be sacrificed."

"Yes, yes," said Caterina, stamping her foot, and turning away her head; "don't tell me what I know already."

There was a voice speaking in Caterina's mind, to which she had never yet given vent. That voice said continually, "Why did he make me love him—why did he let me know he loved me, if he knew all the while that he couldn't brave every thing for my sake?" Then Love answered, "He was led on by the feeling of the moment, as you have been, Caterina; and now you ought to help him to do what is right." Then the voice rejoined, "It was a slight matter to him. He doesn't much mind giving you up. He will soon love that beautiful woman, and forget a poor little pale thing like you."

Thus love, anger, and jealousy were struggling in that young soul.

"Besides, Catina," continued Captain Wybrow in still gentler tones, "I shall not succeed. Miss Assher very likely prefers some one else; and you know I have the best will in the world to fail. I shall come back a hapless bachelor—perhaps to find you already married to the good-looking chaplain, who is over head and ears in love with you. Poor Sir Christopher has made up his mind that you're to have Gilfil."

"Why will you speak so? You speak from your own want of feeling. Go away from me."

"Don't let us part in anger, Catina. All this may pass away. It's as likely as not that I may never marry any one at all. These palpitations may carry me off, and you may have the satisfaction of knowing that I shall never be any body's bridegroom. Who knows what may happen? I may be my own master before I get into the bonds of holy matrimony, and be able to choose my little singing-bird. Why should we distress ourselves before the time?"

"It is easy to talk so when you are not feeling," said Catina, the tears flowing fast. "It is bad to bear now, whatever may come after. But you don't care about my misery."

"Don't I, Tina?" said Anthony in his tenderest tones, again stealing his arm round her waist, and drawing her towards him. Poor Catina was the slave of this voice and touch. Grief and resentment, retrospect and foreboding, vanished—all life before and after melted away in the bliss of that moment, as Anthony pressed his lips to hers.

Captain Wybrow thought, "Poor little Tina! it would make her very happy to have me. But she's a mad little thing."

At that moment a loud bell startled Catina from her trance of bliss. It was the summons to prayers in the chapel, and she hastened away, leaving Captain Wybrow to follow slowly.

It was a pretty sight, that family assembled to worship in the little chapel where a couple of wax candles threw a mild faint light on the figures kneeling there. In the desk was Mr. Gilfil, with his face a shade graver than usual. On his right hand, kneeling on their red velvet cushions, were the master and mistress of the household, in their elderly dignified beauty. On his left, the youthful grace of Anthony and Caterina, in all the striking contrast of their coloring,—he, with his exquisite outline and rounded fairness, like an Olympian god; she dark and tiny like a gypsy changeling. Then there were the domestics kneeling on red-covered forms,—the women headed by Mrs. Bellamy, the natty little old housekeeper, in snowy cap and apron, and Mrs. Sharp my lady's maid, of somewhat vinegar aspect and flaunting attire; the men by Mr. Bellamy, the butler, and Mr. Warren, Sir Christopher's venerable valet.

A few collects from the Evening Service was what Mr. Gilfil habitually read, ending with the simple petition, "Lighten our darkness."

And then they all rose, the servants turning to curtsy and bow as they went out. The family returned to the drawing-room, said good-night to each other, and dispersed—all to speedy slumber except two. Caterina only cried herself to sleep after the clock had struck twelve. Mr. Gilfil lay awake still longer, thinking that very likely Caterina was crying.

Captain Wybrow, having dismissed his valet at eleven, was soon in a soft slumber, his face looking like a fine cameo in high relief on the slightly-indented pillow.

## NEW WORK ON NATURAL HISTORY,

AND

## IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN COLOR-PRINTING.

WE understand that a paper is about to be published under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, illustrative of that special branch of natural history which relates to *eggs*, and is known as *Oology*. This new work will give by means of colored engravings exact and accurate representations of the eggs of the birds of North America. Every possible pains will be taken to make these illustrations as closely representative of the originals as can be accomplished by human art. In the effort to achieve this success some very important improvements have been reached, to which no public reference has yet been made, and which we are pleased to be able to bring to the notice of our readers. The oval or globular shape of the objects to be represented, and the receding aspects of their markings, have heretofore baffled all endeavors for their correct delineation, either upon paper as drawings, or for copying them accurately upon the stone for printing. Foreign works on *Oology* have therefore been very imperfect and inaccurate copies of nature. The best and most artistic work of this kind, Hewitson's *Oology* of the British Islands, was published at great cost, but is only partially successful, although each egg was carefully colored by hand, a most expensive operation. We are therefore pleased to learn that a townsman of our own, Mr. L. H. Bradford (221 Washington st.) has by a very ingenious, yet simple and easy expedient, obviated all the difficulties, and been enabled to achieve a success never before accomplished. Photography has been brought to the aid of the process, and has at once furnished an exact, accurate and available basis, which the engraver can copy at his leisure with a fidelity never before possible. We have seen an engraving from the first trial plate made by Mr. Bradford, and nothing can exceed its accuracy in giving the shape and markings with their foreshortenings and perspective, represented in the colors of the originals. It seems as if the objects themselves, standing out on the paper, could not appear to the eye in any respect different from these representations. We are therefore warranted in anticipating, from Mr. Bradford's success, the most accu-

rate engravings of *Oology* that have ever yet been published in any country.

The following is the notice of the forthcoming work given in the recent annual report of the Smithsonian Institution. The name of the gentleman whose perseverance and researches in this curious speciality enable him to give these results, is not here mentioned. But we take pleasure in saying that it is well understood to be Dr. Thomas M. Brewer of this city, Senior Editor and Proprietor of the Boston Atlas, who is well known as an accomplished and devoted student of natural history :

"Another paper submitted for publication is on a special branch of natural history, called *Oology*. The design of this memoir is to give, by means of colored engravings, correct representations of the eggs of the birds of North America, so far as they have been ascertained, and to accompany each figure with an account of whatever may be known as to the mode of breeding, the construction of the nests, and the geographical distribution of the species during the hatching season. It is believed that this paper will supply a deficiency in the natural history of North America. There is no separate treatise on its *oology*, nor do any of the works on American ornithology furnish reliable descriptions under this head, except in regard to a few of the more common birds. All our ornithologists, says the author, Audubon not excepted, have given their attention almost exclusively to the birds, and have omitted to notice the peculiarities of their propagation. The reason for this may readily be found in the difficulty attending the investigation, which is to be appreciated only by those who have sought to make a study of this branch of natural history. The author has devoted to this subject all the leisure he could spare during twenty years, and each year he has been able to add new contributions to the stock of knowledge, as well as illustrations and specimens to the common store, until he is now enabled to describe and figure at least four-fifths of the *oology* of this continent.

"In the commencement of the operations of the Institution, the Regents might have hesitated to sanction the publication of a paper on a subject which at first sight would appear to be so far removed from practical application. But it is believed that, since that period, more just views of the importance of such subjects have become prevalent, and that the Smithsonian publications themselves have done good service in diffusing more liberal sentiments. Indeed, it is an important part of the duty of this Insti-

tution to encourage special lines of research into every department of the varied domain of nature. Though it might be a perversion of intellect for a large number of persons in the same country to occupy themselves in any one pursuit of this kind, when so much on every hand is required to be done, yet it is highly meritorious in any individual to devote himself systematically, industriously, and continuously, for years, to the elucidation of a single subject. He may be said to resemble in this respect the explorer of an inhospitable region, who enables the world to see through his eyes the objects of wonder and interest which would otherwise be forever withdrawn from human knowledge. Let censure or ridicule fall elsewhere—on those whose lives are passed without labor and without object; but let

praise and honor be bestowed on him who seeks with unwearied patience to develop the order, harmony, and beauty of even the smallest part of God's creation. A life devoted exclusively to the study of a single insect, is not spent in vain. No animal, however insignificant, is isolated; it forms a part of the great system of nature, and is governed by the same general laws, which control the most prominent beings of the organic world.

"It is proposed to publish this paper in a number of parts, commencing with the oology of the birds of prey. This is one of the most difficult of all the families to study with precision, on account of the retiring habits of the birds and their almost inaccessible breeding places"—*Daily Advertiser, Boston.*

#### NOVEL MATERIAL FOR BANDAGES AND SPLINTS.

—Specimens of wire gauze for bandages and splints have been exhibited before the London Medical Society by Mr. Startin, the inventor. This material consists of flattened copper or iron wire, and costs something above one shilling per square foot; and if the expense were not an object, the materials might be plated. The usual mode of application is, first to obtain a pattern for the splint by means of cartridge paper, and then carefully to cut the sheet of gauze to the pattern. The splint further requires that the edges should be cut transversely at intervals, and the free edges covered with thin lead or adhesive plaster. Folds of linen, wet with water, are placed upon the limb underneath the splint, and the whole apparatus is kept in position by rollers or tapes. The merits claimed for this article are those of lightness, cheapness, coolness, and affording the opportunity of readily applying lotions without disturbing the bandages. Another medical invention which is highly commended is Dr. Marcet's apparatus for artificial respiration, having the advantage over other contrivances of the same kind of being self-acting. It has a double cylinder, into which air is compressed, and each, by an alternate filling and discharge, with the end of a slender tube inserted into one of the nostrils, causes the lungs to go through the process of expiration and inspiration. It has been tried on asphyxiated dogs with perfect success, and will, it is thought, answer effectively on human beings.

GENIUS has, or should be permitted to have, its family claims, where its intelligence is clearly inherited; and that it is so derived to a considerable extent in the case of the younger Thomas Hood, a cursory perusal of his *Pen and Pencil Pictures*, lately published by Hurst and Blackett, will convince any impartial reader. It may be granted that he has not yet acquired all the wonderful skill displayed by his father in the manufacture of those intellectual puns which sparkle through his comic lyrics like new revelations of verbal analogies, as if in virtue of some pre-existent harmony by which the wit and the sage were in him identified in one individuality. Nor has the son all his father's deep-searching pathos, which, in his "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Song of the Shirt," penetrates the heart in the heart, and reaches the sealed fountain of sympathetic tears in its most mysterious recesses. But with his father's name the present Thomas Hood has much of his fancy and feeling, and a tact in composition which enables him to amuse while he instructs. For in this also he resembles his father, that in trifling he does more than trifle, and under the smile hides the earnestness of wisdom. He too has the art of making all his objects live; and in this respect his taste is as oriental as it is quaint. The volume contains both prose and verse; and though we cannot afford space for citation, there is much of both highly meritorious. A gentle spirit reigns throughout in union with a humor never boisterous, equally light and thoughtful.—*National Magazine.*



From Titan.

## THREE LOVE-DREAMS.

## DREAM THE SECOND.

My uncle has advised me to make good use of my time, and read Grotius, and Puffendorf, and then Burlamaqui. Accordingly I rise early every morning, go to my study-table, lay every thing in perfect order, cross my legs, open the book at the right place,—but what then? not half-an-hour passes, before my attention and my eyes are any where but on Puffendorf. I see a yellow spot on the cover of my quarto, and I go to work to scratch it out. I blow away a hair off the page. I split a straw with admirable art and skill. Then, the stopper of the inkstand attracts my notice, and I observe on it a hundred curious little peculiarities which I have to examine, one after the other. Or I take up a ring on the end of my pen, and let it run round, till it forms a circle of light—a very pretty sight to look at. Then I throw myself with outstretched legs on the sofa, and clasp my hands over my head. In this very comfortable position I cannot help whistling a little tune, while I steadily watch, at the same time, the motion of a cue-bottle bumping against the window-pane, which he probably mistakes for enchanted or petrified air.

When at last my joints get stiff with lying, I get up, and, with my hands in my pockets, go carelessly up and down the room. But here I find nothing to attract me but the paper on the walls. So I turn, of course, to the windows, where I drum on the glass a tattoo, at which I have attained considerable skill. Then a carriage goes by, or a dog barks, or neither of these things happens; one must see, however, what is going on in the street. So I open the window, and, once there, I don't get away from it again in a hurry.

Ay, the window! No better observatory and lecture-room for a student than that! I mean, for a student who sits diligently at his books; that is, does not run about to coffee-houses, with a parcel of good-for-nothings. "An excellent young man!" is he called, the hope of his parents, who consider him so industrious. And the gentlemen professors, when they meet him on their walks, or see him canter by on horseback, break out in praise of him: "There's

a young man for you! He will come to something!" The hopeful youth, in the meanwhile, looks industriously out of the window.

I do not wish to praise myself, but such an one am I. I speak of myself. There at the window I can look around the whole day long, and, if I may say so, I have never, in all my life, learned so much from professors, from Grotius and Puffendorf, as from the study of what passes in the street.

My window affords me a grand outlook, an interesting *orbis pictus*.

Opposite, stands the hospital, a large building, where nothing goes out or in that does not have to pay toll to my science. I conjecture the motives of the people who enter or leave the house, guess at their motives, surmise the results. Seldom am I wholly mistaken. In every new case the physiognomy of the porter comes to my assistance. I read in his features a hundred noteworthy things concerning persons. His face is a changeing but faithful mirror. One sees therein at a glance all the gradations from the most abject submissiveness to the proud air of condescension and the most brutal want of feeling, according as it is some rich hospital-director, or some subordinate officer, or poor foundling, that seeks admission.

In the second storey is one of the wards of the hospital. From my study, I see up the ceiling of the long room. I see the cross attendant when he comes and looks down into the street. If I get upon my table, I get a sight of the whole interior of the melancholy abode, where pain and death hold their victims stretched out on two long rows of beds. A mournful spectacle! nevertheless its gloomy appearance sometimes attracts me, especially when I distinguish some dying one, and my imagination hovers round his pillow. Then I look back into the life which is soon to be extinct, and forward to the gates of an unknown future just about to open. There is a melancholy charm for me in the mystery which surrounds the state of the dying.

To the left, below in the street, stands the church; through the week very lonely; filled on Sundays, and then sounding with sacred songs. I then see the pious throng tolerably well, and pass judgment on them, but not indeed with any great certainty;

for the play of the porter's face is wanting. And even if it were not, it would not help me much; he thinks only of the clothes. Beyond the dress, people of his sort care nothing. On Sunday every thing appears dressed out. I most prefer to study the character and spirit of the devout churchgoers. But the spirit is not, by any means, always apparent under the Sunday-coat, under vest, shirt, and skin. I go to work then only by guess, and in this way do not, in the end, find myself so very much at a loss. For the uncertain, the doubtful, the equivocal, is the very sweetest honey to the gaper.

To the right stands the fountain, around whose clear streams maid-servants, ostlers, cooks, and grandames, gather themselves from the friendly neighborhood. While the jugs and ewers are filling, they tease one another, complain of their service, scold about their mistresses, tattle about family affairs and family secrets. This is my gazette, which becomes all the more attractive, when I have to guess at half, because I cannot understand all.

Above, between the roofs, I see the sky, now blue, now dark-blue, now gray, and now full of floating clouds. Oftentimes a long line of birds appears, traveling over land and city to distant quarters. By means of the sky, I stand in alliance with the universe, with infinity; it is a great deep wherein I sink myself in thought, with my chin supported by my fists and elbows.

When I let myself down again to earth out of the ethereal heights, I first touch upon the roofs. There are the cats in loving May season, lank, tender, and grim, or in August, lying stretched out, licking themselves. Under the roof, colonies of swallows house with their young, coming in spring, to depart in the fall, ever busy, ever on the wing, seeking and bringing food for the yellow beaks of their twittering broods. I know them all, and they know me, and regard my head as little as the waving of the flowers at my window.

Yet one thing more! In the room over me dwells my dear uncle Toms. Usually, and as long as daylight glances on the silver white hair of his head, he sits in his comfortable easy-chair, which is set on castors, and bends over some books. He reads,

marks, searches out passages, compares, makes extracts, and has in his head the quintessence of some thousand volumes, which hide the walls of his room all round. Quite the opposite of his nephew, my uncle knows every thing that one learns out of books, nothing from what one learns from street-life; believes even more in his science than in reality. He could become a doubter in his existence, and yet, wrapped in the cloud of some philosophical system, the most arrant dogmatizer. He is, moreover, heartily good, simple as a child, and as if he had never lived among men.

I discover, by three sorts of noises, almost every thing which he does in his library. If he rises from his seat the castors creak; does he get a book, the rollers of his book-ladder announce the movement; and does he amuse himself with a pinch of snuff, he slams the box down upon the table. These three signals of his activity are accustomed to follow in such regular order, and I am so used to them, that they do not even disturb the course of my meditations.

One day, however, the castors indeed creaked, but the rollers of the ladder did not let themselves be heard. I listened for the snuff-box in vain. I was startled out of my dreaming, like the miller from his nap, when the mill-wheel stops. I pricked up my ears. Uncle Toms was talking; my uncle laughed, "Ay, ay!—another voice—I thought as much!" said I, and walked restlessly about the room.

The reader must here be informed that, since I had accustomed myself to be busy at the window, I had not been satisfied with mere general observations, but had now for some time directed my attention to a single object, which caused me to be tolerably indifferent to every thing else. This new direction of my labors had changed also the whole order of the day. In the morning I was at my observatory, the window. At two P. M. my heart began to beat. The particular observation over, my day's work was at an end.

Formerly it never had occurred to me that, orphan as I was, I was alone in the world. Were not I, my uncle, the swallows, and the company round the fountain, in short, all the world existing? But now I was alone, wholly solitary and alone, under heaven, except towards three o'clock in the

afternoon. Then the liveliest interest animated all things around, and the universe again received a soul! Formerly, as I have intimated, my days passed away very smoothly and swiftly; but now I no longer knew what to do with them. I could neither study, nor be idle, nor gape out into the blue. So changed was I, that a large feather might come floating within two inches of my nose, without stirring within me a single thought of blowing it away. I could adduce a hundred other proofs in point.

Instead of all which I dreamed with open eyes—dreamed that she knew me, that she smiled on me, that she spoke, or even that I sought ways and means to become acquainted with her, that I met her on a journey and took her under my protection, defended her, rescued her in my arms. Methought I saw her in a dim forest, assaulted by robbers, whom I, bleeding from a severe wound, put to flight.

But I must explain myself, or I shall not be understood. Only I know not how to go to work; for words are such too wooden and stiff to describe her as with us when first the female form, and the pulses of the youth beat quicker, and new language ought to be invented for this purpose. I wonder greatly that, as yet, no academy of sciences has ever fallen upon the excellent plan of proposing a prize-essay on this subject. Doubtless, most academicians have found themselves under the same embarrassment which I suffer.

I confine myself therefore to the simplest narration. She went every day, about three o'clock, along under my window down the street. Her dress was simple, of a blue color. No one would have been less disposed than I to remark any difference between this and other blue dresses of ladies passing by, only this particular dress was folded with special grace round the slender waist of the youthful form. And this waist seemed to owe all its grace to the modest air of the neat maiden. It was impossible to take one's eyes off. I did not think it possible that there was a dressmaker within a hundred miles round, had she been ever so skilful, that could have made a more beautiful dress than this. So long as it was in sight, it fastened my eyes; and when it vanished, I

had to look up into the blue sky in order to accustom myself to other colors.

On the above-mentioned day, then, when the usual series in my uncle's movements lost their old order, I had seen the accustomed apparition at the accustomed hour. She had just got under my window, whence my eyes were all ready to follow her down the street, when she suddenly turned and came towards our front-door. I was so surprised that I drew back my head and looked round, as if she were about to enter my room. But I recollected that our house had a passage through from one street to another. But now came the unusual things in the library of my uncle above, which I have already mentioned. What? She speak with my uncle! I stretched my auditory nerves to catch only a single word. But an unforeseen event tumbled into ruins the whole kingdom of possibilities which had already begun to rise before me.

The weighty event was in itself inconsiderable. The book-ladder rolled, and I heard my uncle get up on it, while she said, and I thought I heard him say, "Hebrew!" Hebrew! Impossible. What could he be thinking of, to talk about Hebrew with a young maiden? Evidently he could not be speaking to her, but to some learned gentleman, some oriental old Towzer, who wanted to pull to pieces some philological rag with him. No, her pretty little head had something better to trouble itself about than learned fooleries of that sort; and her little hands were certainly not made to busy themselves with a dusty folio in calf-skin. It was not to be thought of!

Mechanically, I stepped again to the window and looked out. Two jackasses were standing in the street, philosophizing together, fast bound to the same post. After a while, one of them made a reflection, as I perceived, by a slight shake of his left ear; then, stretching out his head, he showed his old teeth to the other, who, evidently understanding him, did the same; and then they went to work rubbing one another's necks with such mutual good-will, but yet so lazily, so lost each in his own dreams, that I would willingly have made a third. There is, in the natural simplicity of certain things, something sympathetic, that irresistibly impels one to imitation, and seduces

the mind into unfaithfulness to its best thoughts; such as laughing, weeping, gaping, &c.

But, lo! out of the passage under my window appeared a blue dress. It was she! Involuntarily a loud "Ah!" escaped me. She heard it, slightly raised her head, but yet sufficiently from under her bonnet to catch sight of me reddening all over with a glow of shame and delight. She too blushed and went on. It is a charm of youth to grow fire-red at a breath of air, at the smallest straw. But that she—she had blushed on my account, was unspeakable favor of fortune.

What, however, made me redden again was, that, as my "Ah!" escaped, I was gaping at her with open mouth and embarrassed looks, like a simpleton whose hat has fallen into the gutter. It vexed me bitterly.

But think! What was she carrying under her arm? A thick octavo volume, fastened with silver clasps—a miserable, old, smoky thing from my uncle's library; a book which I had seen times without number. And now, as she bore it away, softly pressed to her side, it seemed to me a book of all books. I now understand perfectly that even such a piece of rubbish might be good for something. Health to my wise uncle, who had all his life long been heaping things of that sort together! Ninny that I was, that this beautiful, fortunate book did not belong to me! I did not even know the title.

She tripped over the street, straight to the door of the hospital, where she said a few words to the porter. He appeared to know her, and to be barely condescending enough to induce her to venture to go in. Although this vexed me in the fellow, yet I was secretly gratified to learn that the beauty of my heart was not too far above me; I might raise my eyes to her without being ridiculous. And I was especially delighted that she still breathed in the neighborhood, and I might perhaps catch sight of her again. I waited in vain till it grew dark. When all hope had vanished, I flew with all speed up to Uncle Toms.

The argand lamp was already lighted in his room. He sat at the table, examining, with great attention, a blue fluid in a phial. "Good evening, Julius," said he; "sit down. I shall soon be done."

I seated myself, very impatient to question him about his visitor. I looked round the library. It seemed to me entirely changed. I considered the rows of venerable volumes, all brethren of that same book which she had carried away under her arm. Even the air of the place had something peculiar in it, as if the young maiden, since she had breathed there, had rendered it finer, fresher, purer; at least, I breathed in it easier and deeper.

"I have done," said my uncle; "hearken, Julius, do you know——"

"No, dear uncle."

"You must thank a young lady who was with me." Here he rose from the table, proceeded a few steps, and then turned round to me. "Now, just give a guess!" he exclaimed, as if he wished to feed himself on my astonishment. I did not know what in the world I was to guess.

"She has, perhaps, spoken about me!" stammered I.

"No, better than that!" replied he, looking very archly.

"Do tell me, then, dearest uncle—do tell me, for heaven's sake!"

"Well, then, only this! I have found my Burlamaqui for you again!"

At this odd conclusion, I fell from the clouds, and knew not what to reply. What had Burlamaqui to do here?

"You are astonished," he continued, "and with reason. See, child, while I was looking after Buxtorf for her, the old Burlamaqui fell into my hand; I had given it up for lost. By the way, one thing, Julius, let me tell you: that young lady is a very lovely maiden. Upon my word, this modest, bashful little one is worth more, in my eyes, than a whole dozen of your professors!"

Here I was entirely of my uncle's opinion. Besides, although it was delivered only by the way, it made my uncle himself ten times more dear and estimable than ever. He was, I perceived, evidently something more than a mere bookworm. He had, contrary to my expectation, a real knowledge of character, and was not insensible to beauty.

"She must be an angel!" said I, eager to learn more.

"Yes; a real angel, Julius! Only think, she reads Hebrew! and as fluently, as sweetly, as it was ever spoken in Paradise."



"You don't say so, dear uncle! Hebrew! You certainly meant to say something else, or you only jest. How should a lady, and such a lady, know any thing about Hebrew?"

"She is a masterly reader! You ought to have heard how she read the forty-eighth Psalm in Buxtorf's edition. There was real music in the language of David. Yet it struck me she sounded the Hebrew *Ajin* rather peculiarly; for example, she did not, like me, say *Gnamat*, but *Njamat*. I must, to-morrow, get the opinion of my learned old friend, the oriental professor, upon it."

"Dearest uncle, you see I cannot get over my astonishment."

"I can well believe it. It was no better with me at first. But I showed her afterwards that Buxtorf's text is far preferable to that of Cressius, and I compared with her the various readings."

"But no! Did-you really talk with her about Hebrew things of that sort?"

"Indeed did I."

"My sweet uncle, she actually then in this room; she stood before you, and you said nothing to her about that? What sort of faces did your child make at Buxtorf and Cressius? Did she understand a word you said?"

"And why not? With such a careful education as a Jewess seldom enjoys, she could not but understand me."

"What do you say? A Jewess!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Certainly, a Jewess," replied my uncle, very quietly.

At first I was somewhat surprised; but—I know not whether it be with others as with me—that single word "Jewess" enhanced the beauty of the delicate girl infinitely in my eyes. I was suddenly more enthusiastically in love than ever. This sounds perhaps a little unchristian. How can I help it? She was no longer at all what she had been, and what had previously enraptured me was no longer the same, but something higher, lovelier. She was no beautiful Christian, no, but one of the daughters of Israel; consequently—perhaps in this "consequently" the reader will be at a loss for the consequence. I grant it. There is none. Any tyro in logic might prove that, let alone my uncle. I took care not to breathe a syllable to him about it.

But whether an error or not, that she was lovelier as a Jewess than as a Christian, the error was dearer to me than all logic.

Just think of a Jewess, surrounded by all the enchantment which chains the soul, a beautiful Forsaken, neglected by the world! That brought her close to my heart.

"How, then, dearest uncle?" asked I further: "she certainly does not intend to devote herself to the study of the oriental languages?"

"O no, but I did my best to encourage her to do so. Over there, in the hospital, an old man is at the point of death. He is of her religion. She wanted to borrow a Hebrew Bible of me to read to him. I gave her Buxtorf's edition, as the most correct."

"She will come to see you again, then, perhaps?"

"She promised to bring the book back to-morrow forenoon," said my uncle, and seated himself quietly again at the phial with the bluish fluid.

I did not venture to disturb him in his investigations with any new questions. "But," thought I, "to-morrow forenoon she will appear again, come into this room, come to see my good, fortunate uncle, and I—I have no interest in her eyes. That phial there is more interesting to her than I can be." I left the library rather down-hearted.

As I entered my room, and was about to call for my candles to be lighted, I found it dimly illuminated. It was nothing but the reflection of a bright light that fell into my room from the hospital opposite. Usually it was dark about this time in the hospital. I was attracted to the window; the windows opposite were open. I saw nothing. Whence the light? I got up on a chair, and saw opposite the shadow of a human figure on the wall. I stood on tiptoe, and discovered hanging on the same wall a woman's bonnet. I knew it.

"I have found her! Quickly! it is she!" cried I. To place the chair on the table, Grotius and Puffendorf on the chair, and myself on Puffendorf, was the work of a moment. To widen and sharpen my eyes, I held my breath.

There she sat, by the dying bed of the old man, devoutly self-collected, surrounded by a halo of youthful graces, her neck and head somewhat bent, her beautiful eyes cast down upon the book from which she read holy con-

solutions to the dying man. She looked up now and then, as she paused to allow the weary spirit of her listener to rest, or she supported his head, or kindly took his hand, while she regarded him with heavenly pity.

"O thou happy one, though struggling with death!" I exclaimed. "But who, like thee, could depart while the holy words of an angel were still inspiring him!"

As if she heard me, and saw me in my dark room, she suddenly raised her head, and turned towards me! I started, in my fright, and my staging began to totter. In an instant I lay stretched on the floor. Chair, and table, and Grotius fell over me, and Puffendorf struck me on the head. I lay for some time motionless under the infernal ruin, in order to collect myself. When I arose, my uncle entered, with a light in his hand.

"What is the matter, Julius?" said he, in alarm, looking now at the confusion on the floor, and now at me.

"O, nothing at all. Up there, look you, on the ceiling——" (my uncle held the light up). "I wanted to hang something up there" (my uncle threw his eyes about, to see what there was to be hung up); "and while I was about it I fell—and afterwards—I've only had a fall."

"You talk rather incoherently; the fall has probably jarred your brain. It may produce cephalalgia. Compose yourself. Do not try to talk."

At his request I sat down, and rested myself. In the mean while he lifted up the table and chair, and then the two folios, which, after carefully examining them, and blowing the dust off, he put in their places. At last he approached me, and asked, "But what did you want to hang up to the ceiling, and in the dark, too?" With these words, he slyly stole his forefinger towards my pulse. He appeared to be thinking more of this than of my answer; so I remained silent. The true occasion for the erection of the observatory which had just tumbled down I could have disclosed to him without fear, he was so good and loving. He would, perhaps, have laughed heartily in the end. But that very laugh—it would have intruded upon the sanctuary of my heart, and desecrated it.

"Dear Julius, what was there now to be hung up?" he asked again, letting go my hand with an air as if he knew now what he was about.

"Nothing to be hung up!" replied I; "it was only a piece of foolery. The bright light in the sick room opposite made me curious, and I thought—— What! so soon gone! so soon!"

This sudden exclamation, with which I interrupted myself in my story, was quite involuntary. It was drawn from me by the disappearance of the light in the room opposite, and with the light vanished also my hope of seeing her once more in all the glory of her devotion.

"What's the matter again?" cried my uncle, looking at me inquiringly. "What is so soon gone?"

"No matter, dear uncle. It is over, all over. I am calm—it is over!"

"What is over?"

I was silent. My situation became to him serious. He compelled me, early as it was, to go to bed. I readily obeyed, and he left me while I undressed myself.

My uncle's last suggestion was just what I wished. I was left to myself and my own thoughts. I was completely at home only in his bed, not elsewhere. In this comfortable solitude between two pillows, in this soft home of dreams, I reviewed the course of the day and the world from a distance, like the seaman in his harbor, listening to the play of the storm out at sea. Are we not from morning to night continually, as it were, on our travels, meeting with all sorts of men, circumstances, incidents? Only, when at evening we turn into our dear little harbor, do we wholly belong to ourselves alone; and, collected in ourselves, we are then disengaged from all the rest of the world.

I took a book to bed with me, Moses Mendelssohn's *Phædon*, or the Immortality of the Soul. I had no particular thoughts of dying, and no fit of philosophy. I had long had the book, beautifully bound in green morocco, out of my uncle's library, without having looked into it. I took it up now, because, through a kind of association of ideas, the name, Moses Mendelssohn, suddenly became very interesting to me. This association presented itself in the shape of a mystical connection between the wise Israelite of Berlin and the most beautiful of his fair sisters in the faith. There was much in common in the idea of the philosopher as he sat pondering the immortality of the soul,

and the image of the lovely Psalm-reader at the death-bed of the aged Hebrew. The object of both was to strengthen and exalt the soul, when it breaks the ties of the body.

So I took the book and read, only the title. That said enough. In the bare word "immortality," eternity, with its mysterious realms and unknown delights, unfolded itself before me. I lost myself there, and in the thought of the blessedness of an endless union with her, a transfigured saint, I let the book fall, without looking further than the title. The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in its tones, but in the echo of our hearts. I always find a book and a piece of music most excellent when I forget myself over both.

The excursion which my mind made over the world and the grave, and time and space, I will not describe here. How could I? The highest that we think is unutterable.

In this great and blessed moment I could have breathed away my soul with rapture. One dies in youth readily and fully, with the consciousness of passing from one heaven to another; and in another to meet her again! I, transfigured to meet her, the transfigured of God! her who now perhaps scarcely has a thought of my existence! Overpowered by melancholy and fervent longing, I took up a pencil and wrote on a blank leaf, at the end of the book, the following:

THE FAIR HEBREW.

Might I dwell with thee on high,  
Pure one! where the pure are dwelling,  
Where no heart is proudly swelling,  
Where no pride nor vanity  
Gentle loving hearts shall sever,  
Loving on and on forever—  
Might I dwell with thee on high!

My eyes grew dim with tears. I threw book and pencil aside, and gave myself up to the still stream of thoughts and images, until, in the gentle transition from waking to sleeping, the confusion of my reverie dreamily shaped itself into distinct forms. In this evening twilight of the inner world, where the sunlight of consciousness, half set, still throws its last faint beams through the soul's night upon the highest objects of the mind, I fancied myself wandering in a labyrinth of dim passages. I was alone, but without fear. I heard a light step as of

some one ascending from a deep vault. A female form, which I knew not, approached me. In her looks beamed a smile of melancholy tenderness. I appeared gradually to know her, until I recognized the most beautiful of the despised daughters of Zion—my Rose of Sharon. I went hesitatingly towards her, in anxious delight. But she turned to avoid me. "Stay," cried I, "only a moment."

"The person I seek I do not find," said she, and retreated still farther.

"Ah, lady, if we always found what we sought!" sighed I, with quiet sadness.

"One often finds," she replied, "even better than one seeks! Farewell!"

With these words she retired in the darkness to a dim portal, which she could not open. I hastened to her assistance. In our united efforts to open it, our hands were unintentionally clasped. I was embarrassed. She vanished with the words, "We shall meet again!" I sank weeping on the ground, in bitter anguish. She returned. There was a twilight around her, which grew into a bright halo. It did not appear as a light from another quarter, but as it radiated from her person. Her beautiful face was pale, but unspeakably lovely. I saw her head gently incline towards my brow. I felt her soft breath, and her hand at last found mine. I fainted, in a blessed tumult of mind, or rather my dream faded away. The images before me grew dim and swam together, taking now one shape and now another, and at last, with amazement, I saw my uncle. He had taken my hand to feel my pulse, and his face, with spectacles mounted, was close to mine, examining my looks.

A little more, and I should have shrieked out in my first surprise, so ghostly and horrible appeared my uncle's head to my bewildered senses. The size of his head, on account of its nearness, seemed gigantic, almost transcending the scope of my vision; and the spectacle-glasses seemed to me like two huge frozen seas hanging over me, in whose abysses grotesque monsters were dancing.

"Don't be disturbed, Julius," said he, with his accustomed good-nature. "I am on the track of the mischief. It will all be over by to-morrow. Fear not; but why these hypochondriac whimsies? Why these

preparations for death? You have fifty years of life before you yet."

"I preparing for death, uncle! I'm sure I don't know on what account! I am as well as ever I was in my life."

"May be so, but reading does you no good at present, and least of all busying yourself with Mendelssohn's speculative philosophy. It will only increase your fever."

"I have no fever, nor have I philosophized or speculated."

"So much the better. Lay the Phædon aside, then; it is not a fit book for the table of a sick man. I have taken it away. You only want rest."

While he thus spoke, he continued to observe me narrowly. He then went aside, and turned over the leaves of an old quarto on the table, probably to seek out the medicines appropriate to my symptoms. There actually stood by the thick book a medicine phial, with a silver spoon! Genuine fear seized me at these preparations.

"Don't trouble yourself, uncle, on my account, I pray you. You are mistaken; I am not sick. I have already slept right soundly, and have had the most delightful dreams in the world."

"Indeed, Julius! delightful dreams! Excellent! excellent!" Upon my uncle's countenance was depicted a secret joy, with a mixture of gratified pride, as he murmured to himself, "Just so! the cure works with speed and power."

"What have you been doing to me?" I asked.

"You shall learn all in good time. Look here! at page sixty-four of Hippocrates, Haager edition, I have your whole case. But, tell me, what have you been dreaming of so pleasantly? The nature of one's dreams, in sickness, is often a sure index of the malady. Bethink yourself."

But, let me bethink myself as I would, the dream had vanished to the last vestige.

"Don't perplex yourself," said he, carefully counting some drops of his mixture into the silver spoon, and approaching my bed with it. "Take this, Julius; these drops will do you good. Take it, my dear boy!"

An invincible repugnance seized me at the sight of the silver spoon. In my childhood I had, regularly every spring, been tor-

mented, no matter how well I might be, with a prevention-dose, that always made me deadly sick for a whole day. I begged, I protested; in vain! My good uncle urged me so earnestly, by all that was dear to me, that I could not possibly deny him the joy of seeing me obedient to his treatment. I took the spoon, but, as he turned away his eyes, the healing drops flew between the wall and the bed, and I returned him the empty spoon. He was satisfied, and promised speedy recovery, in which, by the way, I had not the smallest doubt.

"Observe how you feel," said he, after a pause. "Do you feel any oppression, any slight pain, any unusual sensation? Consider attentively. It lies within the ability of the soul to feel perfectly the condition of the body when the latter is suffering; it acts like instinct with the brutes."

"I feel nothing," I replied, "but a bitter or tickling sensation in the heart, or about there."

The mysterious manner in which my uncle smiled at these words seemed at first to convey some satire, as if he would say, "Such a tickling in the region of the heart is a natural circumstance in young people." But when he began to nod his head with a satisfied expression, the affair looked suspicious. I put my hand to my heart, and with the points of my fingers felt a huge plaster which had been put upon me while I slept.

"My dear child, keep still; don't disturb the cataplasm in its place. It has done excellent service. The drops will give you a good long sleep. So I will leave you. Tomorrow you will be well. Good-night."

And with his thick-bodied Hippocrates, he left me. The very next moment the cataplasm flew under the bed after the drops, and I nestled myself again among my pillows. Here had been no imaginary patient—only an imaginary doctor. The shapes of the stars and serpents, wrought upon the shade of the night-lamp, appeared in confused forms of light on the ceiling, and spread a faint brightness, which reminded me of the window of the hospital. No wonder that in imagination I again saw the fair confessor of the Mosaic Law, as she sat reading at the death-bed, in infinite grace, and surrounded by a halo of heaven. The first awaking of innocent passion in the



bosom of a youth has a deifying power. It is a magic sunrise over the clouds of childhood. The universe becomes a grand temple, in which one wanders alone with God and the beloved one. All else is beautified only by her presence, has reference only to her, speaks only of her. And all this is not the creation of fancy; it is not mere poetic invention: it is nature, reality, life, and truth.

It will not seem strange, then, that in fancy I got engaged in earnest conversation with the young Israelite, and found words for things for which otherwise no language on earth affords articulate signs. I did not forget that she would perhaps appear the next morning, with the borrowed book, in my uncle's library. This *perhaps* passed with me for indubitable certainty. Only the first step, only the first address, seemed a mountain to my bashfulness; this overcome, the rest would take care of itself. I tasked myself to prepare the opening address of a conversation full of soul and love. Never was I richer in beautiful phrases.

In this agreeable employment, which gradually grew more and more disconnected, I fell asleep.

The sun shone daintily through my window-panes when I awoke. The swallows were in full activity on the roofs, and in the streets was the noise of men, beasts, and rolling carriages. I was about to leap from my bed, when a suspicious noise held me back. I heard the steps of my uncle upon a private staircase which led down to my room from his sleeping-chamber adjoining his library. "Heaven help me!" sighed I, "he is certainly coming with the silver spoon, and I shall have to take the rest of the mixture!" I instantly shut my eyes to escape the danger, and placed myself as if I were sound asleep.

He gently opened the door; I heard him approach the bed. After a while I felt his breath on my cheeks. I remained motionless as a dead person. A long pause succeeded. "Good, good!" he muttered to himself; "he lies as quietly as before. Good color. It all goes on as it stands written." Again there was silence. Then I felt the gentle pressure of his fingers on the pulse of my arm, which lay extended on the coverlid. An inclination to laugh almost overcame me, but luckily I conquered

it. "Regular!" he muttered. I trusted now that I was released from the inquisition, but I was mistaken. He laid the palm of his hand very lightly on my forehead. Having assured himself of the temperature of that, he withdrew his hand, with a murmur of satisfaction. But then I fell into an agony lest he should want to examine the plaguy cataplasm in the region of the heart. Already I felt the approaching warmth of his hand and a slight tickling in the threatened region. I was about to open my eyes, and undeceive my uncles as to my sleep, when I caught a sound that indicated a different movement on his part. I heard the light jingling of the rings, watch-keys, and a dozen little jewels which formed a considerable weight at the end of his watch-chain. I rightly guessed that he was ascertaining the hour. "Just a quarter after nine!" whispered he to himself. "According to the book, he must sleep a couple of hours longer, till a quarter past eleven. I shall be back before then." His Hippocrates had probably prescribed that I should not wake earlier, but I was by no means resolved to obey. A slight creaking of shoes announced the withdrawal of my uncle. I blinked towards the door, and saw him, in full dress for a visit, in his coffee-brown coat, round hat, and with his Spanish cane in his hand. It was just as I wished. He was probably on his way to the oriental professor, to solve his doubts respecting the pronunciation of the *Ajin* of the Hebrew.

The moment he had left the room, and, as I hoped, the house, I sprang joyfully up, hurried on my clothes, and ordered breakfast, which at all other times I took sociably with my uncle. I gathered, by the way, to my great satisfaction, from the old cook, that my uncle had had no visitor, male or female, that morning. The fair Israelite was then still to be expected, *perhaps* only to be expected, and *perhaps* my good star would lead her to me, in the absence of my uncle. I hastened as upon wings up into the library, swallowed my breakfast, which stood there on the table under the great looking-glass, and then took my stand at the window. It was closed. I did not venture to open it, for fear she might be already coming down the street.

With my nose close to the window-pane, I stood with my eyes turned towards the

corner of the street where she was wont to appear. The longer I stood in uncertain and anxious expectation, the more uncomfortable I became, especially as that which only the evening before seemed so easy now caused me the greatest embarrassment—namely, how I should address her, and by the first introduction of our conversation win in some measure her confidence and good-will. I tried in vain to recollect some of the beautiful thoughts and phrases of yesterday. They had all vanished, and what I could patch up had no intelligible connection. And so I gave up for lost the finest opportunity of becoming a little better acquainted with her. I fell into silent despair, and in my desperation began to whistle, in order with a violent effort to occupy myself and forget my fatal want of tact. I even began to wish that she might not come to see my uncle that day.

It struck ten on the tower of the neighboring church. I began to believe that, once ten o'clock, she would not appear. I counted the strokes of the clock, and between every interval my confidence increased. At last the clock ceased. "Thank heaven!" I exclaimed with a lighter heart, "she will not come to-day." I strode joyfully through the library twice; I had perfect command of myself again.

But every thing swam before my eyes, when I looked again out of the window, for I saw a blue dress in the distance: it was she! I hoped she had come out this morning with some other intention, and I waited in the greatest anxiety to see whether, when she reached our house, she would pass by or come in. At last she crossed over. The window-glass prevented me from putting out my head, and I lost sight of her.

My entire presence of mind vanished. I ran to the door to escape; but stopped and changed my mind, lest I should run directly against her. I turned round. The door-bell rung. I shivered all over. But perhaps it was some one else. And why run away, even if it were she? What harm could come of it, even if I received her with the most formal politeness? The bell rung a second time. From very dread I took a long stride through the room. Then I chid myself for my ridiculous cowardice. I could have given myself a box on the ear. "You lily liver!" said I to myself—"you lily

liver! to take to your heels before a gentle, amiable child! She does not come to see you, but only your uncle. He is not at home. They will tell her when they open the door that he is gone out, and she'll not take the trouble to come up here. So your worry is useless! You will not even see her. And perhaps, after all, it is only your uncle who has just returned."

I sat down, in order to gain some composure. I sprang up; methought I heard foot-steps—sat down again, and then got up. At last, to escape the horrible suspense, I stepped to the door, to ascertain whether it were she or my uncle; I opened the door, and saw no one. Plucking up heart, I stepped forwards. In the dim light of the staircase I discerned the outline of a female. It was she! Lightly as a shadow she floated towards me.

"Is Mr. Toms at home?" she inquired, in a soft voice—a voice which I now heard for the first time, and in which there was a melody never to be forgotten. Her question had nothing in it particularly abstruse or obscure, but really the answer was not right at hand. Silently bowing, and inviting her with a gesture to enter the library, I went before her, opened the door, and then followed her in. All this was less the effect of good manners on my part, than of an indescribable embarrassment. There was a singing in my ears, but not a living thought in my head. Something must be said. Blushing, I offered her a seat, and said, without looking at her, "You wish—you desire——" and there I stuck; for I glanced at her, and saw her face suffused with the most beautiful blushes.

"I beg pardon," she stammered, conquering her own embarrassment; "I will call again, in case Mr. Toms is not at home."

"Alas!—but——" said I, or stammered I, or, I believe, I sighed.

And as she slightly bowed, she turned and left me standing, not knowing in my flurry what to say or do, and never thinking of attending her, until she had already crossed the threshold; then I hastened after her. "Stay, only a moment," said I, half aloud, as we stood in the dim passage.

"The person I seek I do, not find," answered she, in a still lower voice.

"Ah, lady, if one always found what one sought!" sighed I; and as I spoke, it

seemed to me as if all this had happened before, and I anticipated her answer—"One often finds better than he seeks." But I thought this vaguely and transiently. Yet she answered as I had thought—"One often finds better than one seeks." And with this she went towards the door, and sought the handle of the lock in the dim light of the distant entry-window. I hastened to help her. Our hands accidentally touched, and instead of the latch, I had hold of her delicate fingers. It went like a stroke of electricity through all my nerves. In much too delicious an embarrassment to give up the happy mistake immediately, I stood there, and she stood too, much too bashful and discomposed to draw away her little hand from my unexpected grasp: she and I speechless, how many seconds I know not. Alas! I know she departed without uttering a word. She vanished, and I returned, more dead than alive, as if I had seen a ghost, back to the library.

I threw myself on the sofa, overcome with shame and vexation at my awkwardness, my incorrigible absurdity, my—— But when her image rose before me, her timid, embarrassed look, her own disquiet, her blushes, I began to be a little more reconciled to myself. I had also a strange vague impression that the whole scene had been acted over before—that the incident had only been repeated, and indeed word for word. I was completely bewildered, for I could not believe it, and yet I was conscious of having known the whole, every word she uttered, before she uttered it. All at once the dream flashed upon me, of which the evening before I could not recollect a trace. There seemed to be some witchcraft in it. I doubted whether I had had such a dream and suspected that it had only then spun itself in my imagination. Full of superstitious dread, I sprang up, as it were to fly from myself.

At this moment I heard the loud voice of my uncle, and the closing of the front-door. A leap, and I was in the adjoining cabinet, the glass-door of which was covered by a curtain. I shut the door behind me, and stood there concealed just as my uncle entered the library.

"But—but, my pretty child!" exclaimed my uncle, "it is not possible what you tell me——"

These words fastened me to the spot. Then she had come back with him! I slipped cat-like close to the glass-door, and, from behind the curtain of green serge, saw the two. It was she, and she answered my uncle.

"I assure you, Mr. Toms—a young gentleman."

"A young gentleman? And here, in my room! An impudent fellow, that! And you don't know him? How did he look, the rogue?"

"He was—he had—no, there was certainly nothing very impudent in his looks; rather——"

"Pardon me; that is saying nothing, my dear child. To thrust himself, will ye kill ye, into a strange room, where he found nobody, and to receive you as if he were master of the house—a very suspicious fellow! I will call my people."

"Perhaps it was some friend of yours, some kind acquaintance, some one belonging to the house."

"Impossible! I tell you it was no one belonging to the house. I was not here, and Julius, my nephew——"

"I think—perhaps—it might have been he," said she, with downcast eyes.

"Again, impossible, my pretty child! He's asleep; and must sleep till eleven o'clock, for he has taken medicine. It cannot fail. He lives here in the room under this. Perhaps you know my nephew?"

Here arose a pause. It seemed to me an age.

"Well, well, my child, don't blush so at the question. He is a good lad, a very good lad, a fine fellow, industrious, very retired. But, say, how have you come to know him?"

"I have—you say, Mr. Toms, he lives in the room below—I think I have seen him sometimes at the window—the same young gentleman who received me here."

"Absolutely impossible, my dear; you may, perhaps, have seen my nephew at the window, for he has his study-table there. But that he has been here, and received you here—of that my poor Julius is obviously innocent. And I can tell you why. Yesterday evening, I believe it was about eight o'clock, the clumsy booby built up a stage in the middle of his room, and got up on it; I cannot yet understand for what purpose, unless for some foolery about a light in the

hospital over there." (Here the young maiden, whose disquiet evidently increased, turned her pretty head away, to hide her blushes from my good uncle.) "And all at once," he continued, "helter-skelter! there was a frightful noise. I heard it, ran down, found him lying on the floor, and in such a condition that I sent him instantly to bed. And there he is still, sound asleep. But, mark you, what my opinion of the matter is. A young lady of your appearance always finds young flatterers where she will. One of them, perhaps, was bold enough—you understand me—to run on before you to—but, my dear child, don't be ashamed. One need not be ashamed of being pretty. But, no matter! let it pass, if you don't like to hear it. To change the subject—you have brought back the book. What do you think of Buxtorf's text?"

"I am very much obliged by your kindness, Mr. Toms."

"But wait a little moment. Take a seat: pray, take a seat. It occurs to me, I have something for you. Now where have I put it? You must take with you a little remembrancer of me. Perhaps you know something of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher? The name tells you that he is of your religion."

"He is unknown to me."

"I suppose so. You would know him, if he had written his *Phædon* in Hebrew. It was a mistake in such a man to write in German. But that is a book for you, and by a fellow-believer. It is no book for my Julius. I had to take it away from him yesterday; it gives him the blues. He must mind his Puffendorf and Burlamaqui. But wait a moment."

And with this he went to his bookcase.

She remained standing, lost in thought, and full of graceful modesty. Not a glance of curiosity did she venture to cast around the room. It was my first opportunity of seeing her so close, and without any fear or embarrassment on my part. How can I paint her in her beauty, in the quiet dignity of her innocence! There was a grace in her attitude, in her look full of soul, and in her slightest motions. The venerable library of my uncle appeared to me now like a marvelous casing to the loveliest creature that had ever come from the hand of nature. Those dim rows of volumes standing side by side,

before which a dust-laden sunbeam shot through the window like a web of light—those folios and quartos, the authors of departed centuries, the pervading stillness of the place, the air and dust of antiquity which reigned there—and then, in the centre of the whole, the young, blooming flower, standing in all the freshness and bloom of life—these are things for which I can fit together no words. While my eyes luxuriated in the sight, my soul trembled with confused emotions. Moments of mystery! moments of blessed self-forgetfulness, who can comprehend you?

She appeared to be weary, looked at my uncle, who was still searching among his books, and seated herself at the table. Resting her cheek upon her delicate hand, she looked thoughtfully, pensively upwards; then a slight smile flitted over her countenance, and then she glanced carelessly at a small book that lay open near her. Gradually she seemed to be attracted by its contents, but in a moment or two closed it negligently, and then, playing with the cover, opened it again, where only a blank leaf appeared. But this she considered with peculiar attention, bending her head over it. I saw a strange disquiet in her lovely countenance. She looked, as if she were uncertain where she was, all round the room, shut the book, and suddenly rose. I was frightened; my uncle turned round. She had certainly seen my verses, and was offended at my arrogance.

"Truly," exclaimed my uncle, giving up his search, "I can't imagine where I have thrown it. But you shall have it; it is a very good book, I assure you, and by one of your faith. The green morocco binding, too, is better for your fingers than the——"

And with this he approached the table, and interrupting himself with an expression of surprise—"Mehercule! Am I blind? Here it lies right in sight, just where I threw it yesterday when I came from my young patient. I suppose I must have been somewhat disturbed. Take it, dear child; take this little book. I cannot give your learned brother in the faith a better place than with you. Take it, and remember old Dr. Toms, who is your friend."

She took the *Phædon* somewhat hesitatingly out of his hand, while she fixed upon the honest face of my uncle a singularly



earnest look, which might have been expressive of wonder or inquiry. She then bowed very gratefully to him, and said: "I know that I have no claim upon your kindness, and I know too that I need nothing to keep you in my remembrance. Nevertheless I accept this beautiful book with pleasure. You speak highly of the wisdom of its author; it shall be to me always the representative of a wise and kind man."

My uncle attended her politely to the door as she departed, and said: "But I hope you will not forget me in the representative; and whenever you need my services come to me freely. Rest assured, I am always at home for you; no one shall get before me in my house, as some one has done to-day."

I heard no more; for he led her through the entry to the stairs. Instantly I flew from my hiding-place down into my room, and to the window, to catch a glimpse of her as she departed.

My uncle came immediately into my room. "Oho! already up? since when?" asked he, in a cheerful tone, drawing out his watch, and looking for the time.

"Not long since. I have had such a sleep as I have not had for a long while."

Here the greatest self-contentment was depicted on his face. He nodded smilingly, delighted at the power of art, and at the honor which, through his treatment of my case, was reflected upon the wisdom of old Hippocrates. Assuming then a serious tone, "Now, Julius," said he, "you are out of danger; your situation was serious."

"Serious? Do you really think so, dear uncle?"

"I don't think, Julius; I know it, I know it perfectly well. Without prompt application of preventive means, you were in danger of cephalalgia, inflammation of the brain. Do you know how I found you yesterday evening? High pulse, wild look, complete delirium! But my sedative, the mixture, the cataplasm—they have done you good service."

To have told the truth to the good man would have been almost too cruel. It would have robbed him of all his satisfaction. "I thank you, dearest uncle, for all your care, but indeed I feel perfectly well."

"Well? Convalescent, are you?" replied he, in a tone of decision. "We must take care that you suffer no relapse. I will apply

a small plaster. But don't work to-day; rest, take care of your diet; no breakfast; I will order for you what is necessary in the kitchen!"

"But, dear uncle, I have already breakfasted, with a most excellent appetite."

"You have done wrong, very wrong! Where? in the library? I thought they had forgotten to clear away the remains of my breakfast. It was you, then? God be praised! No stranger has presumed to play the master of the house. It was you, then, who received the pretty Hebrew?"

"Indeed, she waited only a moment."

"Very right and proper! I don't know a sweeter creature in the whole city. Beauty, modesty, every womanly virtue is personified in her. But, above all things, Julius, you must hear her read Hebrew! Even in regard to the Ajin she is right. Our oriental professor agrees with her entirely. But let me go. You have done wrong about the breakfast. I will give orders in the kitchen."

He left me to the solitude I longed for, and to the enjoyment of my delightful recollections. What a heaven may the short space of a few quarters-of-an-hour embrace, outweighing the value of a whole life. I went over all she had done, all that she had glorified, consecrated, by her presence. Every one of her words, every look of hers, every one of her motions, passed in strict review before me. She had not left me then unnoticed at the window; she knew or surmised how much she was to me. Her blushes, her fingers in my hand, and her disquiet at the table when she found my verses in the Phædon—O wondrous destiny! And my good Uncle Toms himself had become the mediator between her and me. I thought I saw plainly the hand of Providence which holds, arranges, and connects the threads of our mortal destiny. I recognized in these unlooked-for dispensations a friendly hint from heaven that the tie that bound our souls was consecrated in a supernatural manner, and that my love was involuntarily returned by her.

The day was spent in reveries. My uncle several times shook his head, several times felt my pulse, feared a relapse into the delirium of yesterday, and was right. Only he was mistaken in the nature of my delirium, and suspected nothing of its true character, not even when I repeatedly asked him about

the name and residence of his pretty Hebrew, although he had repeatedly declared that he knew nothing of either.

The next day I resolved no longer to endure this unpardonable ignorance on my part, but with all possible care seek to ascertain who she was and where she dwelt. I quitted the house, and walked several times down the long street, examined carefully every house, every window. After fruitless trouble, I extended my excursions into other streets connected with that from which she usually came, when she passed the house where we resided. At last I turned to remote quarters of the city, but it was equally vain. I hoped to meet her somewhere accidentally, and resolved then to address her in the name of my uncle. I had thought it all out excellently well after my fashion. Yet all my plans and contrivings were useless. Instead of waiting at the window for her accustomed appearance about three o'clock in the afternoon, I hastened every day into the street with the greatest impatience. But she appeared not. I had continued my journeys of discovery for many days. Then I turned sadly back to my window, and left it no more. But even at the window she failed to appear. "Perhaps she has forgotten me," said I to myself; "perhaps my silly conduct at our first meeting has displeased her; perhaps she is angry about my verses in the *Phædon*."

Late one evening, at our frugal supper in the library of my uncle, the servant brought in a sealed packet which an unknown person had left at the door.

"Open it, Julius," said my uncle.

A DESPERATE attempt has been made by Dr. Maitland to pluck the laurels from the brow of the unfortunate Chatterton. The reverend doctor would degrade the poet to the swindler, and thus give one poet less to the world. He is impatient at the number of the claims on its admiration, and would considerably deprive it at least of one. An undertaking of this kind, even in the service of truth itself, one would think, could hardly be a delightful one to its projector; but when we say that the materials of Dr. Maitland are derived from a loose pencil document, purporting to be notes of the inquest on Chatterton, and that in dates and other vital statistics this document is full of the most

It was the book in green morocco binding. I grew pale. There was a card inside, on which was written: "When I die, I pray that this book may be sent to Dr. Toms, from whom I received it." And below appeared the words: "If Dr. Toms will do me a pleasure, he will present this book to his nephew, as a memento of her whom he received in the library of his uncle."

I turned over the book to look for my verses. There they still were, and beneath them, written by her own hand, the words: "We shall meet again."

"For God's sake!" shrieked I, "what does this mean? When she dies! Can she die? It is impossible! Why does she write of dying?"

"The good, poor child!" said my uncle, deeply shocked. "What has happened to her!"

"Where does she live, dear uncle?"

"I will seek her to-morrow. We will make inquiries after her and her health."

My uncle kept his word. We went out together. It rained. We walked through the streets. As we turned into one street, we saw a collection of people. My uncle suddenly stood still.

"What is the matter, uncle?" I asked, with beating heart; "shall we not go further?"

"My poor Julius, we are too late."

We saw a funeral approaching. She had been hurried off by a malignant disease two days before.

"Pure one, where the pure are dwelling,  
Might I dwell with thee on high!"

(End of *Dream the Second*.)

glaring errors, we can hardly conceive what motive there could be to a labor which is as barren of facts to vindicate justice as it is of feelings to enlist sympathy. In the opinion of some persons, all enthusiasm is misdirected energy; and in Dr. Maitland's, our usual estimate of Chatterton is an especial instance of the mania. Dr. Maitland represents what we hope is an inconsiderable portion of mankind,—those who are slow to acknowledge the presence of poetical genius, and would rather find an aspiring youth,—probably "led astray," like Burns, by the very "light of heaven" itself,—to be a scamp than a Scald.—*National Magazine*.

## I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR.

BY CHAS. P. SHIRAS.

O, do not envy, my own dear wife,  
The wealth of our next-door neighbor,  
But bid me still to be stout of heart,  
And cheerfully follow my labor.  
You must know, the last of those little debts,  
That have been our lingering sorrow,  
Is paid this night! So we'll both go forth  
With happier hearts to-morrow.  
O, the debtor is but a shame-faced dog,  
With the creditor's name on his collar;  
While I am a king, and you are a queen,  
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,  
With his wife and his flaunting daughter,  
While we sat down to our coverless board,  
To a crust and a cup of water;  
I saw that the tear-drop stood in your eye,  
Though you tried your best to conceal it—  
I knew that the contrast reached your heart,  
And you could not help but feel it;  
But knowing now that our scanty fare  
Has freed my neck from the collar,  
You'll join my laugh and help me shout,  
That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor whose show has dazzled your eyes,  
In fact is a wretched debtor;  
I pity him oft from my very heart,  
And I wish that his lot were better.  
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive,  
For his dashing wife and daughter  
Will live in style, though ruin should come—  
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter;  
But he feels it the tighter every day,  
That terrible debtor's collar!  
O, what would he give, could he say with us,  
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more;  
Within two hours I met him  
Sneaking away with a frightened air,  
As if a fiend had beset him;  
Yet he fled from a very worthy man,  
Whom I met with the greatest pleasure—  
Whom I called by name and forced to stop;  
Though he said he was not at leisure.  
He held my last note! so I held him fast,  
Till he freed my neck from the collar;  
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said,  
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force  
Of the truth I have been repeating;  
I knew that a downright honest heart  
In that gentle breast was beating!  
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength,  
To follow my daily labor;  
But, ere we sleep, let us humbly pray  
For our wretched next-door neighbor;  
And we'll pray for the time when all shall be  
free  
From the weight of the debtor's collar—  
When the poorest shall lift up his voice and cry,  
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

—Transcript.

## GILD YOUR FEATHERS.

YOUNG Love but seldom ask'd advice,  
And when he ask'd but seldom took it;  
But he'd been humbled once or twice,  
And his proud spirit could not brook it:  
So he got wisdom to impart  
His care and counsel for all weathers;  
Which was to seek no maiden's heart,  
Until he'd richly gilt his feathers!

Love smil'd; and soon his pinions bore  
A golden blaze of beauty round him;  
And maids, who'd scorn'd young Love before,  
Now full of grace and sweetness found him!  
Such taste—such spirit—such delight—  
A wing to warm the worst of weathers.  
Ha! ha! cried Love, but Wisdom's right—  
There's nought like gilding well one's feathers.

—Charles Swain.

## SONNETS.

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

## WONDER AND WORSHIP.

I KNELT me on that gold and purple strand  
Where thought-waves wrestle;—'twas the  
land of dreams,  
And at the fountain of its thousand streams  
I, bowing on the star-besprinkled sand,  
To heaven murmured with uplifted hand;—  
"Lord is it light that shows not whence it  
beams?  
Lord, is it clear where endless mystery  
teems?"—  
"Hold," said a whisper, smiting like a sword,  
"The earth's one breathing beauty, sea and  
shore!  
Worship's the child of Wonder!—and the Lord  
Saith, "Look, enjoy, then wonder and  
adore!"  
For e'en towards Him, as to thy kind 'twill  
hold,  
When wonder waneth, worship waxeth cold!"

## INFINITY.

THREE spirits infinite before me shone;  
The three dread mysteries of all time and  
place—  
Their names were Power, Eternity, and  
Space;  
Each flowed from each, while into one they  
ran—  
Or so said Fancy, though her lips flashed wan  
At their own whisper;—then, with earth-low  
face,  
"Seek not," she sighed, "their dazzling  
depths to trace—  
'Tis not for lore, within Time's shifting span,  
To glass a fixed immeasurable, or mete  
The boundless by a line of years!—Vain lore  
Which, grasping suns at the Eternal's feet,  
Can but, where depths compare, the shoals  
explore:  
An ocean-drop may savor of the sea  
But bears no sign of its immensity!"

—Dublin University Magazine

## THE SUMMER-LAND.

Two leaflets, long since wither'd, that give birth  
To no green memories of faded spring,  
I keep; as one would treasure gems of worth,  
Though sometimes an unwilling tear they  
bring,  
And fill my heart with griefs and longings wild.  
Scoff if you will! I stole those leaves away,  
Like kisses, from the bed of a fair child,  
Whose little life has dawn'd into eternal day.

He chain'd my wayward love; but never knew  
I loved him; never thought I was his friend,  
And held him in my heart among the few  
For whom my life and powers I fain would  
spend,  
As a lone cloud loving a group of flowers  
Might linger o'er them in its trackless way,  
To empty all its hoarded wealth of showers,  
That so, in blessing them, itself might waste  
away.

Angels! ye loved that little pearl too well,  
And gently lifted it from life's rough sea  
To Heaven's ocean; where not e'en a shell  
Speaks, in the ear, of storms that cannot be.  
Angels! ye took that bud, so rich in love,  
Kept fresh with our wet tears; ye bore it far,  
And set it in the summer-land above,  
Where, some time, I shall find it, ope'd into a  
star.

—Household Words.

## EXCESS OF APPAREL.

## A REMONSTRANCE.

'Tis not that thou art fond of dress,  
Dearest, that I at all complain,  
I do not wish that fondness less,  
I like, I want thee to be vain;  
Nay, that thy charms might heightened be  
By every means, I would implore,  
So that they might enrapture me,  
And make me love thee still the more.

'Tis for those very charms of thine,  
By Fashion wronged, that I appeal.  
Through muslin clouds they cannot shine;  
Dress should adorn and not conceal;  
The present mode may suit the Hags,  
Or Matrons of the Grampus kind.  
Of clothes they all look best as bags,  
Puffed out before, at sides, behind.

But what avails it thee to own  
A form of symmetry and grace,  
With drapery round thee so outblown  
That I can only see thy face?  
The angel that thou art, appear,  
Nor longer so thy figure hide,

As if thou wert a cherub mere,  
That has a face—but nought beside.

—Punch.

## UNIVOCALIC VERSES.

*The Russo-Turkish War.*

A. Wars harm all ranks, all arts, all crafts  
appal:  
At Mars' harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar fall!  
Ah! hard as adamant, a braggart Czar  
Arms vassal swarms, and fans a fatal war!  
Rampant at that bad call, a Vandal band  
Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.  
A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath pass'd  
And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

*The Fall of Eve.*

E. Eve, Eden's Empress, needs defended be;  
The Serpent greets her when she seeks the tree.  
Serene, she sees the speckled tempter creep;  
Gentle he seems—perverserest schemer deep—  
Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh prefers,  
Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,  
Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents she falls;  
Then, deep revenged, resects the nether hell!

*The Approach of Evening.*

I. Idling, I sit in this mild twilight dim,  
Whilst birds, in wild, swift vigils, circling skim.  
Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright,  
Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light!

*Incontrovertible Facts.*

O. No monk too good to rob, or cog, or plot.  
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot.  
From Donjon tops no Oronoko rolls.  
Logwood, not Lotos, floods Oporto's bowls,  
Troops of old tosspots o't, to sot, consort.  
Box tops, not bottoms, school-boys flog for  
sport.  
No cool monsoons blow soft on Oxford dons,  
Orthodox, jog trot, bee-worm Solomons!  
Bold Ostrogoths, of ghosts no horror show.  
On London shop-fronts no hop blossoms grow.  
To crocks of gold no dodo looks for food.  
On soft cloth foot-stools no old fox doth brood.  
Long storm-tost sloops forlorn, work on to port.  
Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks  
snort,  
Nor dog on snow-drop or on coltsfoot rolls,  
Nor common frogs concoct long protocols.

*The same Subject Continued.*

U. Dull humdrum murmurs lull, but hubbub  
stuns.  
Lucullus snuffs no musk mundangus shuns.  
Puss purrs, buds burst, bucks butt, luck turns  
up trumps;  
But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust thumps.  
—Notes and Queries